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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

WHY HUGHES FINDS WILSON WANTING

WHEN THE REPUBLICANS and former Progressives in Carnegie Hall applauded the emphatic statements in Mr. Hughes's speech accepting the Republican Presidential nomination, they were indorsing "the real Republican platform," as one writer calls it. The applause was joined in by Colonel Roosevelt, who sat in a conspicuous box and told reporters, after the meeting, what "an admirable speech" it was and how satisfactory he found the speaker's exposure of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy and Mr. Wilson's handling of our foreign affairs. Republican papers the next day joined in the applause and expressions of satisfaction. Democratic leaders and editors found much less to applaud, but many of them declared the speech most satisfactory from a Democratic standpoint. Perhaps the satisfaction in both parties may be explained by two quotations from the independent press. Now, says the Washington *Herald*, President Wilson "faces the task of giving answer to the most comprehensive and effective arraignment of his Administration that has been delivered." This may be, but the New York *Evening Post* wonders "what is lacking," and concludes that "while Mr. Hughes has taken the offensive powerfully, he has not clearly indicated the positive policies which he himself would pursue."

For his party Mr. Hughes has found a new slogan in the phrase, "America first and America efficient." He has seemingly discovered that the Wilson Administration's handling of the Mexican situation is the most vulnerable spot in its political armor. He made many charges against the Administration, but according to the New York *World*, left the impression after a conversation on the following day, that in his acceptance address he had been talking only of the Republican platform, and would develop his charges on each count, in a definite manner, in the speeches to come.

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MR. HUGHES READY FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Hughes opened his speech on July 31, in Carnegie Hall, New York City, by telling his hearers just what he meant by Americanism:

"I mean America conscious of power, awake to obligation, erect in self-respect, prepared for every emergency, devoted to the ideals of peace, instinct with the spirit of human brotherhood, safeguarding both individual opportunity and the public interest, maintaining a well-ordered constitutional system adapted to local self-government without the sacrifice of essential national authority, appreciating the necessity of stability, expert knowledge, and thorough organization as the indispensable conditions of security and progress; a country loved by its citizens with a patriotic fervor permitting no division in their allegiance and no rivals in their affection—I mean America first and America efficient."

He then took up the diplomatic record of the Administration, scoring it for its "weakness and inexpertness," for its retirement for "partizan" motives of "men of long diplomatic experience." It is the Republican purpose, he said, to "make the agencies of our diplomatic intercourse in every nation worthy of the American name."

Mr. Hughes devoted nearly half of his speech to a discussion of our Mexican relations. He declared that our Administration by its "blunders" has made enemies instead of friends of the Mexican

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people. "Decrying interference," he said, "we interfered most exasperatingly." Altho President Wilson expressly disclaimed such a purpose, he did, as a matter of fact, according to the Republican candidate, attempt to interfere in Mexico's domestic concerns by using his influence "to destroy Huerta." The Vera Cruz and Tampico incidents are described as reflecting unfavorably upon the Administration, which is also denounced for

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

—Tuthill in the St. Louis *Star*.

inconsistency and vacillation with regard to embargoes on arms exports to Mexico.

The Administration, said Mr. Hughes, has "utterly failed to perform its obvious duty" to secure protection for the lives and property of our citizens both in Mexico and this side of the border. After the Columbus raid and the bloodshed at Carrizal our forces are now being "withdrawn without purpose," and our entire National Guard has been called out in an endeavor "to safeguard our own territory" from bandits. This nation, said the speaker, "has no policy of aggression toward Mexico"; we wish to help her, but "the conduct of this Administration has created difficulties which we shall have to surmount." We shall have to overcome a "needlessly created antipathy and develop genuine respect and confidence." "Much will be gained if Mexico is convinced that we contemplate no meddlesome interference with what does not concern us, but that we propose to insist, in a firm and candid manner, upon the performance of international obligations." Finally, the Republican candidate is hopeful that "a short period of firm, consistent, friendly dealing will accomplish more than many years of vacillation."

Taking up the question of our relations to Europe, Mr. Hughes declared that he stands "for the unflinching maintenance of all American rights on land and sea," and continued:

"We have had brave words in a series of notes, but despite our protests the lives of Americans have been destroyed.

"What does it avail to use some of the strongest words known to diplomacy if ambassadors can receive the impression that the words are not to be taken seriously? . . . . . .

"Had this Government, by the use of both informal and formal diplomatic opportunities, left no doubt that when we said 'strict accountability' we meant precisely what we said, and that we should unhesitatingly vindicate that position, I am confident that there would have been no destruction of American lives by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. There, we had ample notice; in fact, published notice. Furthermore, we knew the situation and we did not require specific notice."

Mr. Hughes calls for an adequate preparedness as "the essential assurance of security," and as "a necessary safeguard of peace." He criticizes the Administration for following and not leading in the demand for preparedness. Mr. Hughes believes in a reasonable increase of the regular army and a Federal citizen reserve. He is in favor of joining other nations, after the war, in order to secure international justice and peace.

When he contemplates industrial and commercial conditions, Mr. Hughes sees us "living in a fool's paradise." He considers our present prosperity temporary, and thinks that we need the help of a protective tariff to maintain our prosperity after the war. He declares for proper regulation of transportation and industry, for the conservation of the just interests of labor, for rural credits, administrative efficiency, fidelity to the merit system, and a national budget. Mr. Hughes's declaration in favor of woman suffrage was followed the next day by a statement which is reviewed elsewhere in these pages.

In Republican circles in Washington, says a Boston *Transcript* correspondent, this acceptance address is regarded as a masterly presentation of the case against Wilson. In St. Louis, *The Globe Democrat* (Rep.) calls it "a great Republican speech and a great American speech," and the German Republican *Westliche Post* declares it "should be the shibboleth of the Republican party." In Cincinnati, Charles P. Taft's *Times-Star* says "it strikes a note of exalted and vigorous leadership which can not fail to be effective during the campaign."

Similar ungrudging and thoroughgoing words of praise precede or follow editorial summaries of the address in Republican dailies in nearly every city in the land. The New York *Tribune* accepts the Hughes speech as "a challenge of incapacity, an indictment of failure." It enlarges upon the Hughes description of the Wilson statesmanship. With several of its contemporaries, it sees Mr. Hughes deciding to make his campaign on the Mexican issue. It supports Hughes, but finds the portions of his speech dealing with Germany altogether too vague.

The New York *Evening Mail* heard from Carnegie Hall "the strains of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' mingled harmoniously with the softened creaking of the old party machine." And in the chorus of approval we find the Chicago *Evening Post*, once a leading Progressive paper, joining as heartily as regular Republican dailies. *The Evening Post* notes, and "all Progressives will so note," that Mr. Hughes includes among "protective, upbuilding policies" the "protection of those who toil in matters affecting health, the safety of life and limb, the conserving of womanhood and childhood, and the provision of opportunities for education and training." Yet the Buffalo *Express* finds that Mr. Hughes "made no effort to conciliate the remaining members of the third party by flatteringly accepting their creed," and the Brooklyn *Standard Union* is pleased to find "no fawning vote-hunting appeal to the so-called Progressives."

There are independent journals, like the Providence *Journal*, New York *Globe*, Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, and Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, that take practically the Republican view of the Hughes speech. They like it. The New Haven *Journal and Courier* thinks it fully justifies the nomination at Chicago. Mr. Hughes's attack, the Washington *Post* remarks, "fairly lands him in the enemy's first line of trenches." All candid men, *The Post* adds, "will agree that the Administration is placed on the defensive regarding Mexico, and that Democratic orators have their work cut out for them."

Others are less impressed. The Rochester *Herald* (Ind.), which closely followed Mr. Hughes's utterances as Governor of New York, calls his Carnegie Hall speech "the feeblest effort of his entire career." The Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, New York *Evening Post*, *Journal of Commerce*, and *Commercial*, find it an excellent attack, but disappointing in its lack of "constructive" ideas. *The Evening Post* observes that Mr. Wilson "put a great many of his eggs into the Mexican basket."

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Here, indeed, Mr. Wilson is "exceedingly vulnerable," but his opponent offers nothing but "words, and again words." Besides, "events may leave his attack all in the air before November." A careful criticism of the address of acceptance appears in the Springfield *Republican*, from which we quote:

"The impression one receives from Mr. Hughes's notification speech is one of solidity, and perhaps heaviness, rather than brilliancy. It is likely to appeal to many of the Republican candidate's more conservative supporters as a careful and strong indictment of the present Administration, with no display of flightiness or instability in the discussion of constructive policies. It seems less calculated to satisfy the radical wing of the Republican party, as the Progressive returning with Mr. Roosevelt to the fold may be called. There is scant attention given to the policies of social and industrial justice which were the backbone of the Progressive movement, while there is little to suggest Rooseveltian fervor and conviction in the discussion of the later issues of preparedness and Americanism.

"If a 'standpatter' had been nominated at Chicago instead of Mr. Hughes he might have composed exactly this sort of a notification address. There is no passion displayed for democracy in government either in United States or Mexico, and it must be admitted, too, that the speech throws no strong light upon Mr. Hughes's capacity as a constructive statesman. Where we look expectantly for indications of the lines Mr. Hughes would follow as President, we usually meet disappointment. He is naturally highly critical of his opponent's record, but he is cautious, reserved, even surprizingly ambiguous at times concerning the program he himself would follow in case he were placed in charge of the Government. . . . . .

"Mr. Hughes is severe in his condemnation of President Wilson's policy with reference to the European War. He thinks the power that invaded and conquered Belgium in double-fisted defiance of England would have feared to sink the *Lusitania* if only some one else had been President of the United States. There is no recognition of the fact that Germany has stopt submarine warfare on merchant-shipping solely because of Mr. Wilson, no recognition of the fact that if a shred of international law is left after two years of the greatest war in history, the world is indebted, and always will be indebted, to the Government of the United States under the Administration of Mr. Wilson. . . . . .

"What would Mr. Hughes do with reference to the European War, in case he were to be elected? Would he join one side or the other? Would he forthwith demand specific disavowal from Germany of the *Lusitania's* sinking? Would he threaten England with reprisals on account of the blockade? No one could know from this speech what Mr. Hughes would do, but we do know with sufficient precision what to expect of President Wilson. . . . Even on domestic economic issues, Mr. Hughes's speech lacks definiteness and point."

Many of the arguments of *The Republican* appear variously worded in the utterances of the Democratic press. These critics are, of course, even franker in their characterizations of the speech as a whole. The chief impression that it produces upon the New York *Evening World* is one of "damp, dismal ineptitude." Ex-Governor Glynn's Albany *Times-Union* takes up the speech in great detail, examines all of its statements and finds "merely a scold from beginning to end." "Add to the Chicago platform a little appendix calculated apparently to reflect a few appropriations from Colonel T. Roosevelt and make him feel good, and you have the New York speech in full dress," comments *The News-Times* from South Bend, Ind. The New York *World* searches in vain for a "solitary syllable" repudiating "the infamous attempt of a foreign monarchy to control the political affairs of the United States by punishing a President who has offended it, and rewarding a candidate who tacitly invites the support of the hyphenated. Mr. Hughes's 'dominant Americanism' halts when it contemplates the political possibilities of the German vote." There is, according to *The World*, no hope or encouragement for the independent voter. In advocating a high protective tariff, Mr. Hughes "takes his place, proudly and triumphantly, alongside the Republican Old Guard." Altogether, in the opinion of this influential and plain-spoken Democratic newspaper, the speech is that "of a narrow, bigoted partizan."

MR. HUGHES'S NEW SUFFRAGE PLANK

MR. HUGHES HAS "STOLEN A MARCH on President Wilson and has delivered a telling blow against him in many States," remarks the Washington *Post* (Ind.), by coming out for the Susan B. Anthony Constitutional amendment providing for woman suffrage. And this journal goes on

THE POLITICAL DÉBUTANTE.
—Chamberlain in the New York *Evening Sun*.

to say that it is not often that the "astute head of the Democratic party is caught napping in a matter of vital interest to millions of voters." President Wilson, we are told further, had the same opportunity as Mr. Hughes for months, and even years, but "for some unaccountable reason he did not grasp it, altho he is personally in favor of woman suffrage." *The Post* thinks that in all States where suffrage obtains or is ardently desired, Mr. Hughes now has an advantage and all because of the fact that on August 1, the day after his speech of acceptance, he sent a telegram in answer to an inquiry of Senator Sutherland, of Utah, which the press quote as follows:

"In my answer to the notification, I did not refer to the proposed Federal amendment relating to woman suffrage, as this was not mentioned in the platform. I have no objection, however, to stating my personal views. As I said in my speech, I think it to be most desirable that the question of woman suffrage should be settled promptly. The question is of such a nature that it should be settled for the entire country. My view is that the proposed amendment should be submitted and ratified, and the subject removed from political discussion."

On the same day, he more explicitly gave his reasons for favoring the equal-suffrage amendment in a speech in New York before the Woman's Roosevelt League, when he said in part:

"I see nothing but danger to our security, to our unity, to our proper attitude toward political questions in continued agitation of this subject; and I would take the shortest cut to its solution.

"I further believe that it is a matter affecting the whole country. It is one of those matters where we must have a uniform policy. The country must decide on what that policy should be. I have indicated my belief as to what it should be; but it is a question which affects the whole country—the composition of our electorate; and, therefore, I believe that the Federal amendment should be submitted and should be ratified."

When the news of the Republican candidate's action was learned in Washington, we are told, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the American Woman's Suffrage Association, called

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on President Wilson and urged him to do likewise, but as a Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* relates, President Wilson "refuses absolutely to change his mind" on this question and has not budged from his conviction that it is a matter of State rights, something each individual locality must settle for itself. We are further informed that the President is "unwilling to sacrifice his convictions on this point to gain votes." While some observers claim that Mr. Hughes's announcement will not have an appreciable effect on the vote, there

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"AW, GET A CLUB!"
—Brinkerhoff in the New York *Evening Mail.*

are others, and among them the above-quoted Washington *Post* (Ind.), which believe that "a few well-organized women voters, who now keenly realize their strength, could play havoc with the old parties," and we are reminded that the twelve equal-suffrage States "cast one-fifth of the electoral vote of the country."

Among the journals that praise Mr. Hughes for frankness in not dodging the issue of woman suffrage, we find the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger* (Ind.), which thinks that the declaration of the former Justice will "doubtless bring to his support all the ardent women voters in the commonwealths where the right of suffrage has already been granted and lead all the male voters who favor the reform to unite in his support in the States where women do not vote." On the other hand, in analyzing what it calls Mr. Hughes's "amazing surrender," the New York *World* (Dem.) says that every white man and every woman in the United States who vote obtained the vote through the States, and that every black man who votes obtained his vote "either through the State or by the common consent of the electors of his community." The Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution is "without effect," and was "framed and adopted for partizan purposes and has been worse than a failure." Now, "Mr. Hughes proposes that the United States shall commit a new and greater blunder in the way of Federal control of the franchise by the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution giving the vote to women in all States." Mr. Hughes, *The World* goes on to say, might as well advocate the complete abandonment of all local self-government and the centralization of all authority in Washington, for "when a Federal amendment can say who shall vote, another Federal amendment can say who shall not vote, and we have reached the beginning of the end."

THE BLACK-LIST PROTEST

AS THE SECRETARY OF STATE was absent from Washington on his vacation, it devolved upon Frank L. Polk, Counselor to the Department of State and Acting Secretary, to tell the British Government how inconsistent with "true justice, sincere amity, and impartial fairness" is its new practise of blacklisting American firms. The real ground of complaint, as seen by the New York *Evening Post*, is that this placing of selected American firms upon a black list is "an attempt to do away with rights under international law by what is really local legislation." The United States, as the Philadelphia *Press* puts it, "is not the field on which Great Britain is at liberty to conduct its war with Germany," so we have sent to London "a sharp and deserved rebuke to a piece of effrontery." This rebuke, the New York *Times* believes, "expresses the sentiment of the people of the United States as well as of the Government." Not the sentiment of all of the people, however, as represented in the press, since the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* finds it "untimely and unwise," the New York *Globe* discerns "stump-speech" qualities, and the Providence *Journal* wonders if it is anything more than "a bid for German votes."

The black-list announcement, according to Mr. Polk's note, was received in this country "with the most painful surprize," for it seemed to embody "a policy of arbitrary interference with neutral trade," extraordinary in its scope and policy—

"British steamship companies will not accept cargoes from the proscribed firms or persons or transport their goods to any port, and steamship lines under neutral ownership understand that if they accept freight from them they are likely to be denied coal at British ports and excluded from other privileges which they have usually enjoyed, and may themselves be put upon the black list. Neutral bankers refuse loans to those on the list and neutral merchants decline to contract for their goods, fearing a like proscription. It appears that British officials regard the prohibitions of the black list as applicable to domestic commercial transactions in foreign countries as well as in Great Britain and her dependencies, for Americans doing business in foreign countries have been put on notice that their dealings with blacklisted firms are to be regarded as subject to veto by the British Government. By the same principle Americans in the United States might be made subject to similar punitive action if they were found dealing with any of their own countrymen whose names had thus been listed. . . . The possibilities of undeserved injury to American citizens from such measures, arbitrarily taken, and of serious and incalculable interruptions of American trade, are without limit."

International law, according to our State Department, provides "well-known remedies and penalties for breaches of blockade, where the blockade is real and, in fact, effective, for trade in contraband" and for other unneutral acts. These have been safeguarded by established rules and the opportunity for hearings in prize-courts and elsewhere. But "such safeguards the black list brushes aside." The United States Government feels compelled to call the British Government's attention "to the many serious consequences to neutral rights and neutral relations" which the latter's act must involve, and it hopes his Majesty's Government "have acted without a full realization of the many undesired and undesirable results that might ensue."

"How Great Britain can offer any satisfactory defense to this remarkably strong impeachment of its black list" the Syracuse *Herald* finds it difficult to see. The proper course for the British authorities, according to the Brooklyn *Citizen* "is to recognize their error and without more ado comply with the demands of the note now in their hands. It was a blunder to make the order in the first place, and it would be another still worse to persist in any attempt to enforce it."

But the New York *Globe*, instead of expecting any diplomatic victory over Britain, finds the protest too much like a stump speech and surmises it was prepared for its effect on the American public rather than on the British Foreign Office. It says:

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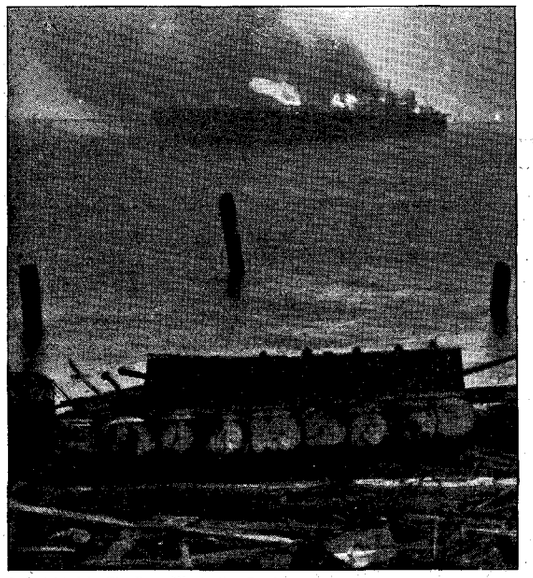

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SIX STATES FELT THE SHOCK THAT STARTED HERE.

The watery ruin at the reader's right is part of Black Tom Island, where the explosion of $5,000,000 worth of ammunition destroyed storage-houses, piers, and freight-cars and caused a property-loss in New York and Jersey City estimated at not less than $20,000,000. At the left is seen one of the shrapnel-loaded barges which caught fire, broke adrift, and automatically bombarded the bay.

"The Polk note will furnish to the friends of the national Administration material for reply when the President is assailed as having leaned toward the Allies. Quoting its generalities and its menaces, it will be pointed out how vigorously the lion's tail has been twisted. But reading the note with care, it is difficult to discover what is the doctrine it pretends to uphold."

Several editors wonder at a certain exaggeration and over-emphasis they find in the black-list protest. The Providence *Journal* asks why the American Government is "so concerned for the prosperity of a group of traders whose Americanism is questionable—and why is it so oblivious at the same time to the unsettled *Lusitania* controversy?" Is the President, it continues, "now making a bid for German votes? The suspicion is natural. Has he fixt his eye on the 7th of November?" From any point of view, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* declares:

"The note is untimely and unwise. It puts the United States in the position of threatening another Government with its displeasure for acts the legality of which is unquestionable; it employs, in describing what is held to be a commercial grievance, language as menacing as if the national sovereignty had been invaded; and it involves either reprisal or another humiliating omission of the 'act' after the 'word.'"

What the Washington correspondents regard as an informal answer in advance to the contentions of the United States in its note of protest was made by the British Ambassador in Washington before the note was given to the public, but after it was received in London. It is held to allay some fears that a "secondary boycott" was to go into effect, that is, that a neutral firm would be blacklisted simply for doing business with a blacklisted firm. This memorandum read in part:

"There is no idea of blacklisting a neutral firm merely because it continues to do business with a firm that is blacklisted, but if a neutral firm habitually and systematically acted as cover for a blacklisted firm, cases would be different.

"Regarding payments to blacklisted firms, our action does not affect payments by neutrals, and we habitually grant licenses to British firms to pay current debts to blacklisted firms, unless it is clear beyond doubt that such payments would be passed on to, or create a credit for, enemies in enemy territory."

In so far as the British Government can make good these assurances, comments the New York *World*, "the American protest has already proved effective." And the Philadelphia *Record* credits the explanation with removing "a great part of the resentment created by the proclamation."

NEW YORK HARBOR "BOMBARDED"

MINGLED FEELINGS OF APPREHENSION and anger roused in New York and Jersey City by the munitions-explosion off Black Tom Island, New York Harbor, are shared in other communities where the catastrophe is also generally attributed to "gross carelessness and violations of law." This is the explanation of the Philadelphia *Press*, for instance, which says that the shock of the blowing up of five million dollars in munitions shortly after 2 A.M., on July 30, was "distinctly felt" in that city and is said to have been "recognized as far south as Baltimore." The explosion reached at least six States in its resonance, this journal avers, made an exhibition of mighty pyrotechnics for several hours and destroyed, besides the munitions, "$3,400,000 worth of sugar, eighty-five loaded freight-cars, thirteen storage-warehouses, six piers, and other property besides plate glass and window-glass in quantities beyond estimation." The whole property loss is variously estimated at from $20,000,000 to $40,000,000, and as to the loss of life the New York *American* informs us that while the police estimate that from twenty to forty persons were killed, the exact number may never be known. The beginning of the trouble, we learn from the press, was "some rubbish burning" on Black Tom pier, which juts into New York Harbor south of Communipaw (N. J.), and for more than a year has been the principal shipping-point for war-munitions going to the Allies. There were two explosions, and, as a writer in the New York *Sun* relates, between the two "came the manifestation as of an American Verdun," for—

"Bombs soared into the air and burst a thousand feet above the harbor into terrible yellow blossom. Shrapnel peppered the brick walls of the warehouses, plowed the planks of the pier, and rained down upon the hissing waters. Shells shot hither and thither, exploding under the touch of the terrific heat and shooting their missiles at random. Some of the shrapnel shells fell even in Manhattan. On the pier arose a white glare as of a million mercury-vapor lights."

It is of interest to note, some editors point out, that the few rumors connecting pro-German sympathizers with the explosions died of sheer inanition almost as soon as born, and in this connection the New York *Evening Post* observes:

"Whether the fire started in a freight-car on the pier at Black Tom Island or upon a barge near by is immaterial. The

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explosion was so terrible because a whole line of barges—four, it is said—loaded with explosives and projectiles, were packed closely together at the end of the pier. By the regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, freight-cars carrying explosives into Jersey City are to be unloaded at once into waiting boats, and these boats towed at a safe distance from each other to Gravesend Bay, where they may have their freight finally transferred to ocean-going vessels. For the fact that the loaded cars were standing idly on the track, and that the barges had not been removed from their near vicinity, officials of the lighterage company, or the Lehigh Valley Railroad, or of the storage company, or perhaps of all, were to blame. The prompt arrests were quite proper. A large part of the city and surrounding district awoke Sunday morning to find itself more frightened than hurt; but that there were not more casualties is due to the fact that the explosion occurred when the streets of Jersey City, lower Manhattan, and Brooklyn were deserted."

That the present rules covering traffic in explosives were never intended to meet present conditions is the contention of the New York *Evening Sun*, which tells us that they contemplated "only the ordinary movement of dynamite and the like for industrial purposes," and it adds:

"The occurrence, which has caused so much loss and which might have had consequences too frightful to speculate on, affords no excuse for an onslaught upon the business of exporting munitions of war. The moral and legal aspects of that trade are affected in no degree. But it assuredly suggests a safer and saner plan for carrying it on."

THE GOOD THE "EASTLAND" DID

THE GOOD sometimes accomplished by such disasters as the overturning of the *Eastland* a year ago is seen in the effect upon public sentiment, upon legislation, and upon official policy in safeguarding life. The 812 lives lost in the Chicago river on July 24, 1915, can not be restored, but the loss of other lives may perhaps be saved through the lessons learned at such a frightful cost. Two reforms brought about by the *Eastland* horror are noted by the New York *Evening Post*—"a stricter enforcement of the law against the excessive loading of passenger-boats, and the requirement of special inspection before the grant of an increased passenger-carrying license." The regulation providing for "inclining tests" of the stability of all vessels is also said to be well enforced. "Steps to insure the complete control by the Government over the structural strength of vessels remain, apparently, to be taken, but," says *The Evening Post*, "we have one great preventive of disaster when a typical Chicago vessel is allowed to carry but 1,400 passengers this year as against 2,400 last."

In this connection *The Survey* (New York) quotes a recent announcement of the Department of Commerce "on overcrowding of excursion-vessels prevented":

"The Bureau of Navigation, Department of Commerce, reports that during the first week in July in the case of sixty-five vessels involving 66,900 passengers, the navigation-inspectors stopt the embarking of an excessive number of passengers over and above the lawful limit provided for the vessels concerned. These incidents took place in Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, Duluth, Louisville, Rochester, and Providence."

The Survey thinks it "perhaps still more noteworthy that since the Federal seamen's act came into operation, at least some of the hitherto overcrowded spaces on these steamers is occupied by life-boats, rafts, and other safety-devices." And it adds:

"A marked change in the attitude of Government inspectors is noted by those representatives of social agencies who are watching the lake traffic. Both these officials and their supervisors are said to be not only far more alert, but also much more willing to cooperate than hitherto. They have even been known to venture beyond their province in warning officers and managers of excursion-steamers to prevent laxity and abuses complained of by those exercising watch and care over the young."

AMERICA GAGING THE WAR'S FUTURE

RESOLUTE DEFIANCE OF THE FOE is the key-note of all official pronouncements of the European belligerents as they enter upon the third year of the Great War, and still some of our editorial observers read anxiety and wavering between the lines in the declarations of the Teutonic Allies, while they can discern nothing but sureness of eventual triumph in the outgiving of the Entente Allies. But there are editors and military critics who maintain stoutly that while Germany may be defeated she can not be "conquered." Both sides, however, incline to admit that peace is far off, and they refer significantly to the statement of Sir Douglas Haig, quoted in our foreign pages, in which he says that England will not have her maximum land-force in the field until next summer. As a matter of strict history, many journals emphasize the fact that after what the Brooklyn *Eagle* calls two years of a conflict "so stupendous that human intelligence fails either to calculate its present effect upon the nations involved, or to estimate its ultimate consequences to civilization, the power of the offensive, so marvelously exercised by Germany in the beginning, has passed from her hands and now resides with the forces of the Allies." Tracing this transition to its origin, the New York *World* fixes its date as March 27, 1916, when, for the first time, the commanders-in-chief of three of the four principal nations of the anti-German alliance—Joffre, Haig, and Cadorna—and General Gilinsky, personal aide-de-camp of the fourth commander-in-chief, the Czar, met in Paris and discust plans round a single table. Yet, however we associate the "Big Push" on the Western front and the Russian drive together with the new Italian offensive with this date of the first Allied war-conference, there are journals, such as the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, which do not underestimate German organization and capacity, and believe that in the "general scheme of attrition" which the Allies are now trying lies the only hope of success.

A sentimental interest is awakened with the opening of the new war-year, when editors recall that Earl Kitchener predicted at the outset that the war would last at least three years, and some of them are eager to add to his multiple titles in life the immortal one of "seer." The Chicago *Post* recalls that many were prepared in August, 1914, to prove he was wrong in his forecast, for they urged that financial exhaustion would befall the fighting nations long before the three years had elapsed, and also that the Central Empires would win decisive victory within less than that time. This journal points out that financial exhaustion is not yet in sight, and while the Central Empires have won many a battle and campaign, "decision is further from their arms than at any time since the war began." *The Post* thinks that Kitchener saw further and understood better the probable course of the war than any man in Europe with the probable exception of General Joffre, and it pays tribute to the "masterful patience" of the two commanders which can only be explained as "vision and faith . . . seemingly impassive in the midst of continuous triumphs for their enemies and insistent urgings and frequent criticisms from their own people." Three facts stand out above all others in the second year of the war, and will probably "shape the fortunes" of the third. First is the marvelous spirit of France on the defensive; secondly, the almost miraculous recovery of Russia; and, thirdly, the materialization of Kitchener's army as an effective force on the Western front. There is also the "continued dominance of the British fleet after severe tests," yet *The Post* adds:

"The Central Empires fight on, but they fight at a disadvantage. The bravery of the German soldier has been demonstrated beyond all cavil. The loyalty of the German people has borne hardship with fine spirit. Darker days will test it. Germany's best hope now is to prove that her foes must exhaust themselves in the effort to drive her back. Then she may gain a peace that will not be one-sided."

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PREPARING FOR ANOTHER ADVANCE.

These French 155-centimeter guns, after doing their part in preparing the way for a successful infantry attack, have just moved forward onto ground that a few hours before was occupied by the Germans. The photograph was taken in the early days of the Somme drive.

The Boston *Transcript* thinks that the world looks with interest toward the possible end of the war rather than toward its sinister beginning, since an end it must have some time; yet, as two dreadful years have crept away since Austria's declaration of war against Servia on July 28, 1914, we are told, it has almost seemed as tho a calamity had fallen at last which could never pass away—"as tho the earth in its course had swung into some unchangeable zone of blood and evil." And we are reminded that the thing which lies at the bottom of this world-warfare is that every fighting nation believes it is fighting not only for its own life and permanent welfare but for the world's good, and we read:

"That is the core of all this intensive cultivation of the sentiment of nationality that has caused and is supporting the war—the fact that each people believes it has the best thing yet developed in the progress of the nations. What is good for us must be good for the world—that is the idea behind it all. If the Servians went too far in their sympathy with radical Servianism in the Austrian South, and winged the shot that killed the Austrian heir, it was because they believed that nothing but a great Servia would save the Balkans. If Francis Joseph listened too trustingly to the German promptings to war, it was because he believed that the Hapsburg rule in all that region meant peace and justice and education. The Germans themselves, we believe, committed a colossal, an eternal wrong in urging on the war; but they themselves were intoxicated with the dream of a beneficent, culminating world-culture carried by their hand to all the world."

After two years, *The Transcript* goes on to say, the enemies of Germany who at first could only "just make a stand" have found their powers and are now proving them to be greater than the Teuton's. German strength is beginning to wear away to what appears to be inevitable collapse, according to this journal, while "social turmoil threatens to break down the governmental power at home." On the other hand, we read that the British have achieved artillery superiority to that of the Germans, and the Russians mobile superiority, while our admiration is summoned for the "magnificent French resistance" on which the whole new turn of affairs for the Allies is based.

Mr. Frank H. Simonds, the military authority of the New York *Tribune*, is among those not inclined to envisage the prompt downfall of Germany, and he tells us that—

"As the year ends we have a full measure of Germany's difficulties and dangers, but we have no information to prove her capacity to meet them, and only Allied assertions to support the belief that her resources are exhausted, her economic situation desperate, and that the ever-growing problem of food continues to worry her statesmen and weaken her people.

"We perceive that Germany has lost the offensive, but we are not able to decide whether the loss will prove temporary or permanent. . . . We may say with justice that in losing the offensive, the initiative, if it be permanently lost, in failing to put out one of her enemies before all were equally prepared, Germany failed to win the war on German terms, failed to conquer, and the second year of the war has seen the coming of

WHY THE GREAT DRIVES IN THE WEST ADVANCE SO SLOWLY.

This photograph shows some of the territory recaptured by the French north of the Somme in the early days of July. At the twentieth line of trench barbed wire is still encountered, and everywhere the Germans have made burrow-like lurking-places, as shown at the reader's right, where their machine guns are hidden during the bombardment and brought to the surface the moment the infantry attack begins.

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the failure. But this is a long way from saying that Germany can be conquered."

Among many other observers, Mr. Simonds makes note of the fact that this war-year ends without the smallest promise of peace, and he adds:

"Nothing is yet decided save that Germany has failed to crush France or Russia and to compel Britain to ask peace by menaces directed on land at Egypt and India and on water at the seaborne trade of Britain by the submarine. Possessing Belgium, thousands of square miles of northern France, all of Poland, most of the Baltic provinces, and much of Volhynia, the Central Powers still have a tremendous booty, which is not yet counterbalanced by Germany's lost colonies and vanished sea-trade.

"Finally, holding Servia and having enlisted Bulgaria and Turkey, Germany possesses the keys to that 'place in the sun' for which her statesmen have long yearned, and no man can believe that she will surrender them and forsake her allies until she has suffered defeats which are not yet to be forecast. Until the gateway to the Near East is bolted at the Danube again talk of peace is futile short of that hour when exhaustion comes, and that is still far away."

HE'S TWO YEARS OLD.

—Satterfield in the New York *Call.*

As representative of the German-American view, we may cite Mr. Bernard Ridder, editor of the *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, who asks: "After two years of insistent and unremitting warfare on a front unparalleled in history, which Germany and her allies have successfully held and extended, what has Sir Edward Grey to offer his fellow subjects in extenuation of his initial criminal blunder?" and making answer himself, he adds:

"Only a bill for $11,910,000,000, an 'I. O. U.' for $2,250,000,000, and the prospect of being compelled indefinitely to support an oligarchic war by a daily contribution of $30,000,000. For the rest, a galaxy of ungraceful miscarriages in the field and on the water. Could he show them one single laurel plucked on the field of battle by British arms, he might win back a measure of their waning confidence. But from Antwerp to Kut-el-Amara, and wherever on the sea British forces have met the enemy in anything like equal numbers, British arms have been worsted, and the British censor burdened with the duty of explaining defeat into victory. . . . . .

"There can be but one outcome of the struggle, whether it carry on for a month or a year or become another Thirty Years' War. With all its virtues, British blundering can not overcome German organization, 'for their superiority in organization and in fighting-power is only a symbol of their superiority in morale and national enthusiasm.' The world's sincerest hope must be that Britain will realize this before this August rolls upon a shattered continent."

In summing up loss and gain we find a great deal of attention paid to the two chief factors in the business of war—human life and money. A writer in the New York *Sun* says that while there are no complete figures for the casualties during the past two years, from various official returns, news dispatches, and on computations recently made by Major-General Hugh Scott, U. S. A., we may consider as reasonably correct the following:

	Killed	*Wounded or Missing*	*Total Casualties*
Germany	907,327	2,255,300	3,162,627
Austria-Hungary	500,000	1,500,000	2,000,000
Turkey	60,000	240,000	300,000
Bulgaria	40,000	110,000	150,000
France	800,000	1,200,000	2,000,000
Great Britain	150,000	470,000	620,000
Russia	1,000,000	4,000,000	5,000,000
Italy	35,000	140,000	175,000
Belgium	30,000	120,000	150,000
Total	3,522,327	10,035,300	13,557,627

It is of interest to note in this connection that the casualties for the first year are 8,673,805. In the matter of loans, we read in the New York *Times* that the belligerents have borrowed approximately $40,000,000,000 in their two years of war, have spent some $10,000,000,000 more from their own exchequers or from their creations of paper money, and that—

"The total of $50,000,000,000 compares with the generally accepted estimates of $5,000,000,000 as the cost of the Civil War. Two years of this war have cost ten times as much as four years of the Civil War."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE great art of war is artillery.—*Philadelphia Record.*

IT would seem sensible nowadays to be willing to fight for a place in the shade.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

CAPTAIN KÖNIG'S confidence may be due to the fact that there is plenty of room at the bottom.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

IT will be a long time, I fancy, before the Sultan of Turkey consents to go on another sympathy strike.—*New York Telegraph.*

IT isn't the fact that England started the war that enrages the Kaiser, but the realization that she is going to end it.—*Boston Transcript.*

OF course, the captain of the *Deutschland* knows nothing about baseball, but stealing home is considered quite an accomplishment.—*Newark Star-Eagle.*

PART of Riley's fame, it must be admitted, was due to the fact that altho a citizen of Indiana, he had never been mentioned for the Vice-Presidency.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

EVIDENCE that the Germans are reaching the end of their human resources is furnished by the news that the Crown Prince's ten-year-old son has been drafted, as lieutenant, into the Prussian Guard.—*New York Evening Post.*

ENGLAND has at least the Lion's share of the war-expenses.—*Wall Street Journal.*

MR. HUGHES might be described as the Penrosevelt candidate.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

ESTABLISHING peace strikes me as the same kind of a job as establishing the weather.—*New York Telegraph.*

ABE LINCOLN seemingly made a lot of amazing rulings in 1864 that John Bull didn't begin to appreciate until 1916.—*Washington Post.*

ENGLAND'S War Office probably ordered McClure back to America because it was afraid he would monkey with the magazines.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

THAT strike of the life-insurance solicitors is one hardship which the average busy man will endeavor to bear with fortitude.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THE French aviator who dropt handbills on Berlin missed a trick. He should have created a riot by dropping a tenderlion steak.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THOSE editors inclined to make sport of Mr. Parker's efforts to rehabilitate the Progressive party evidently don't realize the serious predicament of a nominee without a party.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

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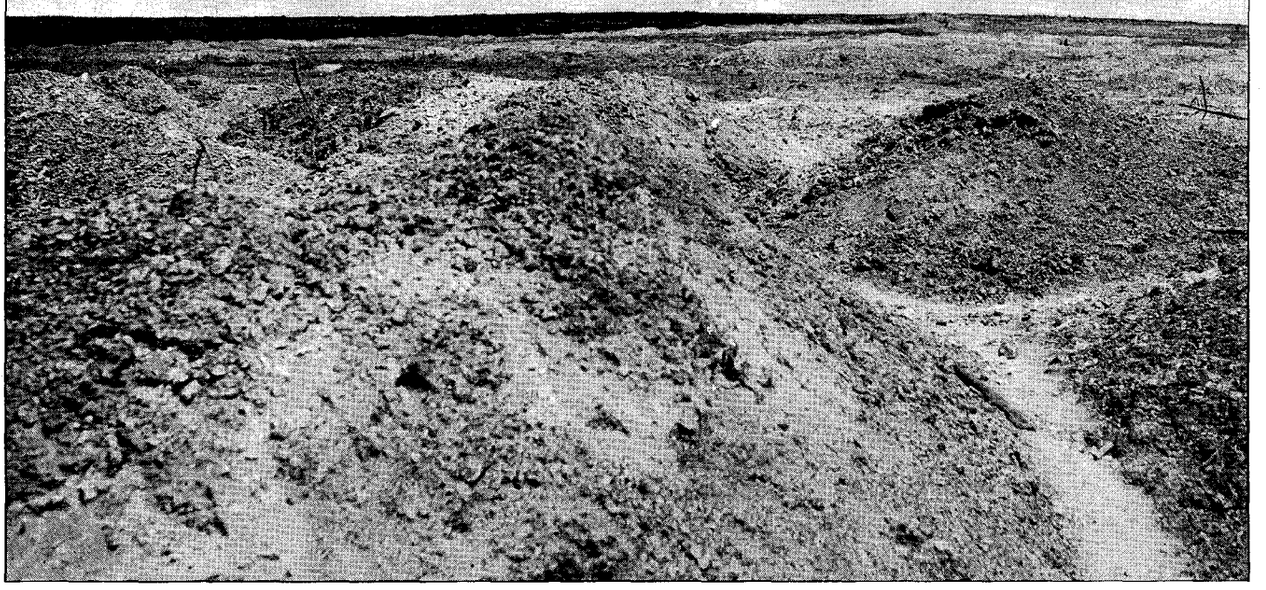
FOREIGN COMMENT



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AFTER A PRELIMINARY BOMBARDMENT.

A German trench, captured by the Allies in the Somme sector, as it appears after heavy bombardment. The white streak at the right of the picture shows where the trench was.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE WAR'S THIRD YEAR

UNCANNY CONFIDENCE in the certainty of victory is displayed by both sides as they enter upon the third year of the greatest war known to history. After two years of what the British Commander-in-Chief, Sir Douglas Haig, calls "stone-walling," the British Army have made their long-heralded "Big Push" in conjunction with the French on the river Somme. One curious fact may be noted in passing: this war is a war of rivers. The important battles on the Western front have all been connected with some river, namely, the Marne, Aisne, Meuse, and Somme. On the Eastern front great conflicts have taken place on the Vistula, Dvina, Pruth, Dniester, Bug, Styr, and Lipa rivers, while the river Tigris was the scene of the British disasters before Kut-el-Amara. The advance on the river Somme has certainly infused a new spirit into the British, which was shown by the War Minister's optimistic outburst in the House of Commons when he told the assembled members that "British resourcefulness and British intelligence are going to snatch victory in a few months." According to the London *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Lloyd-George said:

"The prospects are good. Our generals are more than satisfied, and are proud of the valor of our men they are leading. Great as the British infantry was in Wellington and Napoleon's day, they never have been greater than now. One thrills with pride when one thinks one belongs to the same race. They are pressing back the formidable foe who devoted his best brains to the study of war for generations. I feel confident that victory is assured to us.

"Numbers and all other resources are on our side. There was only one fear—that years of training and thought on the part of a great military Power might be something that would be insuperable. Our men have demonstrated that it is not so, and that British resourcefulness and intelligence, as in fields of commerce in the past, when they were able to snatch victory out of what appeared to be complete commercial disaster, are going to snatch victory again in a few months from what appeared at one moment to be something that was invincible.

"There is no doubt at all that the lesson of this battle is that we have simply to press on with all our resources and with the material at our command, and victory will be ours."

The confidence of the War Minister at home is equalled by that of the Commander-in-Chief in the field, for, reviewing the prospects at the opening of the third year, Sir Douglas Haig says:

"The tide has turned. Time has been with the Allies from the first. It is only a question of more time till we win a decisive victory, which is the one sure way to bring peace in this as in other wars. Until this victory is won it ill becomes a British soldier in France to think of peace. . . . . .

"The third year of the war will be the Allies' year. No less than France, now that we are ready, we shall give all the strength there is in us to drive the invader from her soil and that of Belgium. England will not achieve her full strength on land, however, until next summer.

"All those who believe that our cause is the cause of civilization may rest assured that this army has no thought except to go on delivering blow after blow, until we have won that victory by force of arms which will insure an enduring peace."

The French are as confident as the British, for we find General Joffre saying in his manifesto to the French Army, published in the *Bulletin des Armées:*

"Thanks to your stubborn courage, the armies of our allies have been enabled to manufacture arms, the weight of which our enemies are experiencing to-day over their entire front.

"The moment is approaching when, under the strength of our mutual advance, the military power of Germany will crumble. . . . Victory is certain."

The same paper prints an open letter from President Poincaré addrest to Mr. Lloyd-George and Sir Douglas Haig, in which he says:

"To-day, as you see, the Allies are beginning to gather the fruits of your perseverance. The Russian Army is pursuing the Austrian Army in flight. The Germans, attacked at the same time on the Eastern and Western fronts, are engaging everywhere their reserves. British, Russian, and French battalions are cooperating in the liberation of our soil. The struggle, alas, is not yet ended. It will still be hard, and all of us must continue working, and working unremittingly and with fervor. But the superiority of the Allies is already apparent."

Turning to the side of the Central Powers, we find no diminu-

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English Tommies marching to the trenches on the Somme front in the gayest of moods.

BEFORE AND AFTER BATTLE: TWO

tion in the prevailing belief that Germany is already the victor and that all that remains to be done is to bring home that fact to the Allies. This belief is reflected in the impressive summary of the position at the end of two years of war, officially issued by the German Government. It runs:

"The Central Powers occupied 161,625 square miles against 67,625 square miles a year ago. The enemy occupied in Europe 8,250 square miles, against 4,125 square miles a year ago.

"The Central Powers, Bulgaria, and Turkey captured 2,678,000 enemy soldiers, against 1,695,000. Of those taken prisoner by the Germans 5,947 officers and 348,000 men were French, 9,109 officers and 1,202,000 men were Russian, and 947 officers and 30,000 men were British.

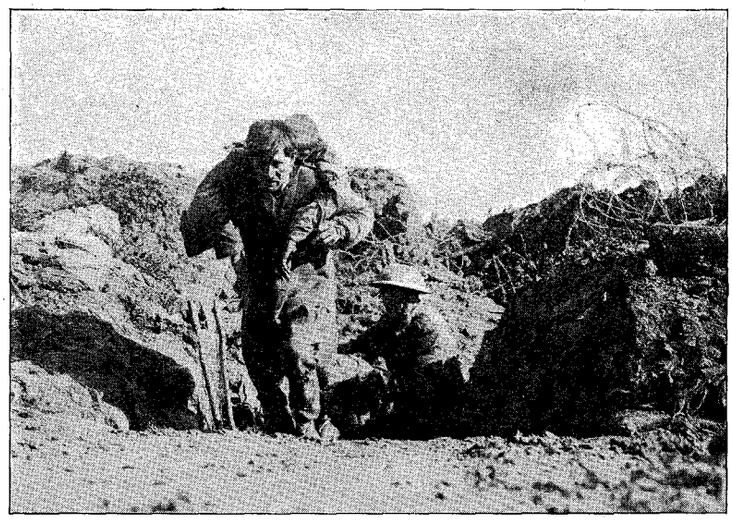
"The war-booty brought to Germany, in addition to that utilized immediately at the front, comprised 11,036 cannon, 4,700,000 shells, 3,450 machine guns, and 1,556,000 rifles."

In the face of such a significant list of accomplishments it is not surprizing to find the *Frankfurter Zeitung* writing:

"We celebrate martial triumphs such as never before have been accorded to any nation. Only one thing remains; to fight on until the hour, whether near or distant, when the forces of the enemy shall be destroyed."

What the Kaiser thinks of the prospects of the war's third year is shown by a manifesto addrest to the Imperial Chancellor and published in all the German papers. The Emperor says:

"Hard times are ahead. After the terrible storm of the two years of war a desire for sunshine and peace is stirring in all human hearts, but the war continues because the battle-cry of the enemy governments is still the destruction of Germany. Blame for further bloodshed falls only on our enemies. The firm confidence has never left me that Germany is invincible in spite of the superior numbers of our enemies, and every day confirms this anew."



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UNDER FIRE.

This man rescued twenty-three fellow soldiers in this manner; he was actually under fire in the advance on the Somme when the photograph was taken.

THE FRYATT CASE

A STORM OF PROTEST, both in neutral and Allied lands, has arisen over the execution of the British sea-captain, Charles Fryatt, on July 28, for what the German authorities describe as "a *franc-tireur* crime against armed German sea-forces." According to the official account, Captain Fryatt, who was captain of the *Brussels*, a passenger-ship plying between England and Holland, attempted to ram the submarine *U-33*, on March 20, 1915. It is reported that evidence adduced at the trial at Bruges showed that the *U-33* had signaled to the *Brussels* off the Maas light-ship to show her flag and stop. Captain Fryatt turned at high speed toward the submarine, which escaped by diving. It was for this act that the British seaman, whose boat was captured by the Germans late in June, paid the penalty of his life. With the exception of one metropolitan paper this act is condemned as a crime by the whole British press. The London *Morning Post* voices the general sentiment when it says:

"Every captain of a ship has the right to defend his vessel and his ship's company. German submarines have repeatedly attacked and sunk unarmed British vessels without warning, contrary to the rules of war. Altho they have done so, their crews have repeatedly been saved by his Majesty's navy and never have been put to death. This death-sentence is, in fact, murder, and is one more outrage added to the list which includes the *Lusitania* and the shooting of Miss Cavell, and it cries to Heaven for vengeance."

The London *Times* remarks:

"The Germans, in their note of February in the present year, asserted, it was true, that the unheard-of doctrine that any warlike activity by enemy merchantmen is contrary to international

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The first German prisoners taken in the Allied "push."

INTERESTING STUDIES IN FACIAL EXPRESSION.

law, but in the same document they declared they 'take into consideration also the contrary conception by treating the crews of such vessels not as pirates but as belligerents.'

"In the present case they have not treated Captain Fryatt as a belligerent; they have meted out to him for an act of legitimate self-defense a punishment which the law of the sea awards to pirates. So much for the assurances intended to soothe American susceptibilities. Even the Germans can hardly have the face to maintain that, while it is lawful for a merchant ship to fire upon a submarine, it is criminal to compel her to submerge."

Alone among the English papers, the London *Daily News* sees and appreciates the distinction drawn by the German authorities, namely, that what is a legitimate act of war when performed by a recognized combatant becomes an act of *franc-tirage* when done by a non-combatant. *The News* says:

"The Germans have always sought to draw a most implacable line between combatant and non-combatant, and in German eyes the fate of Captain Fryatt may quite honestly be logical."

Perhaps the most sweeping condemnation of Captain Fryatt's execution is found in the columns of the *Rotterdamsche Courant*, a paper not as a rule hostile to Germany. Its view is:

"According to the pitiless war-law and the German moral sense, this sentence may be right, but according to the humane standpoint, as held outside the belligerent countries, there is much to be said against it. The submarine-war at the time Captain Fryatt made his unsuccessful attempt was a discredit to humanity. It was carried out in a most remorseless manner. To get a German submarine in sight meant death for hundreds who in the German *communiqué* are now referred to as *francs-tireurs*. To escape death one had of necessity to defend oneself, and this was admittedly permitted because the submarine-war was against all right.

"It may be right to call these men *francs-tireurs*, but the Germans will have to acknowledge it is not the men themselves but the German method of warfare that made them *francs-tireurs*, and this element must be considered before any sentence passed can be called righteous. To claim the right to kill hundreds of citizens on sight, and then mark out the man who will not yield himself willingly to execution as a *franc-tireur* is to measure right by different standards, according to whether it is applicable to oneself or to another. We call that arbitrary and unrighteous."

Speaking in the House of Commons, Premier Asquith announces that the British will demand "punishment of the authors of this terrorism" at the end of the war. He said:

"It is impossible to conjecture to what further atrocities they may proceed, but the Government desires to repeat most emphatically its resolve that when the time comes these crimes shall not go unpunished. When the time arrives it is determined to bring to justice the criminals, whoever they may be and whatever their position. In a case such as this the man who authorized the system under which the crime was committed may well be the most guilty of all."

GERMANY'S TROUBLESOME SOCIALISTS

A NOISY MINORITY of the German Social Democrats, angered by the condemnation of Dr. Liebknecht, seem to be determined to stir up as much trouble for the Government as possible. This news comes through the Swiss Socialist papers, which are now devoting no little space to the doings of their friends in the Fatherland. The press censorship having effectually closed the German Socialist press as a medium for agitation, the method now employed by Dr. Liebknecht's embittered followers is the wholesale distribution of manifestoes in pamphlet form. One of these pamphlets, protesting against Dr. Liebknecht's sentence of two and a half years' imprisonment, against which, by the way, both the accused and the prosecution have appealed, is published *in extenso* in the Zurich *Volksrecht*. It runs in part:

"Two and a half years' imprisonment. Workmen, soldiers, the die is cast! Two and a half years in prison for our beloved Liebknecht, because he cried, 'Down with the war!' It is for this the slaves of war make Liebknecht wear the prison garb. Must he groan in prison because on May day he demonstrated in favor of the brotherhood of the people? They put him in chains because he called for the freedom of the people. Comrades, will you quietly indorse this wicked sentence? Workmen and workwomen show, by a general strike, that the German people will no longer be treated as dogs by the dictatorship of the sword. We are tired of these slaughters and horrors. We are tired of the misery and hunger and the iron collar which a state of siege puts round our necks. The persecutors of Liebknecht must know that thousands, ay millions, are behind him who shout as he did, 'Down with the war!' Let this cry ring through the Empire and reach the trenches. We'll then see if these military satellites will dare maintain their sentence."

Under the same auspices and in the same manner an attempt has been made to inaugurate a 'Stop-the-war' movement by means of a general strike. We find the manifesto urging this course in the columns of the *Berner Tagwacht:*

"The inevitable has arrived—famine in Leipzig, Berlin, Charlottenburg, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Osnabrück, and many other places. Riots have taken place in front of the provision-shops, and the only solution the Government is able to find is—reenforcing the state of siege and an appeal to the sabers of the police and to armed force! The Government ought to have known that the consequence of a war against France, England, and Russia would have been the blockade of Germany. The responsible authors of the war whine that 'wicked enemies encircle us.' But why did they themselves pursue a policy which led to this encirclement? The whole Imperialist policy of conquest is a crime, and the German Government has pursued this Imperialist policy, thanks to which it has entered on a conflict with all the other States, and has had to humble itself to an

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alliance with that political corpse, Austria, and with that miserable Turkey which nothing can save from bankruptcy.

"One would have thought that the Government would take measures against famine, but the Government does nothing, and for the mass of the people the gravity of the situation is apparent. It is said, 'We must hold out.' . . . . . .

"We were fed on fairy-tales about the effect of the submarine-war, whereas it is impossible to arrest the commerce of England, even if Germany possest ten times as many submarines as she has. Our eyes were dazzled by the tale that an attack in the Balkans would give us air, and that Turkey would supply us with food. That vision has been dissipated. Now we are told about the next crop, which is to put an end to all our woes. It is one lie the more. The crop can not give us what we need.

"We have a food-dictator. Too late! It is no longer a question of sharing out, because there is nothing to share. What is to

CAN'T EVEN DENT IT.

General Sir Sam Hughes' steel helmet proves a great protection.
—*Daily Star* (Montreal).

happen? We could continue the war another six months, and perhaps a year, but the future generations will be sacrificed. To the dead and mutilated of the battle-fields will be added the sacrifice of the women and children. With its victims, German militarism is driven into an *impasse*. Women and children of the people, make your voices heard at last, and from words pass to acts. Down with the war!"

The majority of the Social Democratic party does not indorse this activity, and the Socialist executive committee strongly condemns any idea of a general strike. According to the Berlin *Vorwärts*, the Committee has issued an appeal in which it says:

"The prolonged war weighs heavily on all nations and entails great sacrifices. It severely tests the endurance of those at home and at the front, and it is natural that ill-feeling and discontent should develop. This situation is unfortunately being abused by irresponsible individuals who wish to mislead labor into resorting to measures which are not in the slightest degree adapted to relieve the burden but rather to increase it. . . . . .

"We therefore consider it our duty to warn labor against the machinations of apostles of protest and a general strike, working in darkness and anonymity. . . . . .

"Just now, when our brothers in uniform on all fronts must withstand a mighty onslaught by the armies of our enemies and must make indescribable sacrifices, and when, just before the harvest, the food-supply presents the greatest difficulties, each thoughtless action may be fatal, and, above all, strike labor itself the severest blow."

THE VINDICATION OF GENERAL HUGHES

VERY MIXED EMOTIONS seem to have been evoked in Canada by the vindication of General Sir Sam Hughes from all complicity in the "war-graft scandal" which stirred Canada to its depths a few months ago. It will be recalled that certain members of the Canadian Parliament charged that the placing of the Government's contracts for shells and other ammunition had been so arranged that the friends of the Canadian War Minister reaped an undue advantage, and there were those who did not scruple to suggest that in these advantages Sir Sam Hughes participated. A Royal Commission of investigation was appointed and its report, now presented, completely exonerates Sir Sam Hughes. In commenting on this report the Canadian papers seem to be strongly influenced by party feeling, and, despite his acknowledged innocence, not a few of the Liberal papers call for the General's resignation as Minister of Militia. This is due to the fact that Sir Sam Hughes is connected by ties of close friendship with Col. Wesley Allison, who is not altogether gently handled in the report of the Royal Commission. The Toronto *World* puts the situation in a nutshell when it says:

"That General Sir Sam Hughes has been exonerated by the Royal Commission of wrong-doing in connection with the fuse contracts will not come as a surprize. There was, it is true, a big rake-off, which went to Wesley Allison, and Allison was a friend of the General. The Royal Commission finds that Allison betrayed the trust reposed in him by the Minister. No evidence was offered tending to prove that the Minister shared in the profits of Allison."

Another prominent Toronto paper, *The Mail and Empire*, pays Sir Sam a generous tribute:

"No one who knew Sir Sam Hughes believed him capable of anything dishonorable in the performance of his public duties, and no one who followed the evidence given in the course of the inquiry had the smallest doubt as to the cleanness of his hands and as to his endeavors to get the best results in the shortest time. The most straightforward men are the least suspecting."

The determination of General Hughes not to repudiate Colonel Allison is as puzzling to the Minister's friends as it is delightful to his foes. The Edmonton *Journal*, while expressing its satisfaction at the Royal Commission's report, remarks:

"Colonel Allison is strongly criticized, and there is no question that he deserved all that the commissioners say of him. Why Sir Sam Hughes should have continued to express implicit confidence in the Colonel after what the evidence brought out in regard to him *The Journal* has never been able to understand, and it has said so on several occasions."

The London (Ont.) *Advertiser* does not deal gently with the General, for it asks:

"But where does Sir Sam Hughes stand as far as public opinion is affected? Can he, a responsible minister of the Crown, be held blameless for the guilt of his own honorary colonel? Can he, who assumed responsibility for the actions of Allison and staked his own reputation upon the integrity of that of Allison, tear up the promissory note he gave the Canadian people? If Hon. Colonel Allison had been held guiltless by his judges, Sir Sam Hughes could to-day have turned upon his critics and his accusers and publicly scourged them. But if he were with Allison to the death, as he proclaimed so often, so dramatically, he must stand sponsor now when his protégé is shamed and labeled a 'grafter' in the sight of all Canada."

The Ottawa *Citizen* recalls the General's statement that he "stands by his friends" and caustically adds, "it remains to be seen whether he falls with them," while the St. John (N. B.) *Telegraph* bluntly says: "The Minister of Militia can not hope to escape the censure of an indignant public, and he ought to resign at once." The Toronto *Star* remarks: "It is evident that the General has established a dictatorship which is not to be interfered with either by Government or Royal Commission. What the General says goes."

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SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

EVERY ONE A MUSICIAN

THE man who thinks that to be a musician one must be able to play set pieces on the piano or violin must revise his ideas before he can appreciate the attitude taken by the writer from whom we are about to quote. A musician, she says, is one who thinks musical thoughts and is able to express them. A parrot that has learned to repeat Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" is not really endowed with intelligent speech; the bird is not thinking and expressing its own thoughts. And the same may be said of a child that has learned to play on the piano Schumann's "Happy Farmer." Mrs. Evelyn Fletcher Copp, of Brookline, Mass., who is the writer of these sensible sentiments, tells us in her article on "Musical Ability," printed in *The Journal of Heredity* (Washington, July), that nearly every one is a latent musician. We are capable of musical expression just as we are capable of speech. She says, in substance:

"Twenty years of teaching give me reason to believe that, altho great genius will doubtless continue to be sporadic and unaccountable, real musical ability is much more common than has been supposed. Genius, like murder, will out.

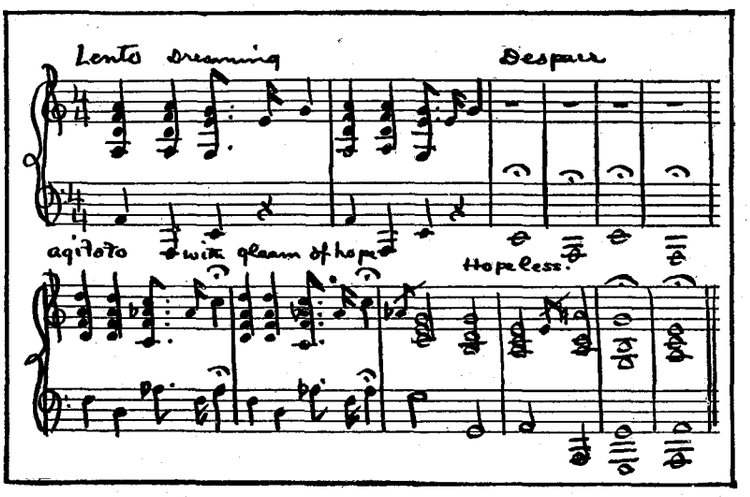
"We are all born with ears and they are formed for hearing as the eye is for seeing; they are, moreover, capable of hearing far more and better than they are accustomed to doing. We carry them around with us everywhere, but we really pay very little attention to them. We are only just beginning to learn what the normal ear is capable of, for instance, in the matter of positive pitch, that is, ability to recognize and name musical tones. The lay public has been accustomed to consider positive pitch as a gift wrapt in the exclusive tissue of genius and doled out to the ultra-musical only. One who can enter a room where a musician is singing or playing, and say: 'He is singing high C, or barytone B,' has hitherto been looked upon as a prodigy. This is by no means necessarily true. By proper training this power may be acquired, speaking very conservatively, by 80 per cent. of normal children. Children who have been thought to be entirely lacking in musical ability, some of them apparently tone-deaf, after a few months of training are able to sing 'center C' on demand, and to recognize it when it is played or sung, and they soon become equally familiar with the other musical tones. . . . . .

"This surely indicates that musical talent is much more wide-spread than has been thought, and that the cases we have quoted, of the appearance of wonderful ability in the children of seemingly non-musical parents, may be merely instances of the inheritance of latent characters.

"Some children will, of course, not acquire positive pitch as quickly as others. There are children who do not so easily learn to write English from dictation as others; but do we therefore allow them to give up, and say that they can not be taught?

"That the results of music-study have hitherto been so meager is due to parental indifference and the faultiness of the methods of teaching music. Teachers have insisted that the child should not be allowed to play the piano by ear, claiming that this will ruin his musical ear and make reading by sight impossible! Fancy a mother fearing that if her child speaks English first by ear, he will never learn to read it! As music is primarily an art, making its first and greatest appeal through the ear, it is unreasonable to suppress the interest and initiative which naturally appear first through the ear and then, later on, by laborious ear-training lessons, to try to get back the interest and power which we have ignored during the most formative period of the child's life.

"The acquirement of musical education is, or should be, comparatively easy, not only because of the smallness of the musical vocabulary (consisting of only eighty-eight tones), but also because of the universality of its notation. The present system of musical notation, tho perhaps not perfect, has this great advantage, that it is the same all over the civilized world, so that when one learns it in America, the musical thoughts of France, Spain, Germany, Italy, or Russia are equally accessible. A child learns to read English easily and well during the first six years of his school life (that is, from the age of six to twelve); he might just as easily learn during the same time to read fearlessly and well the universal language of music.

"If you were to visit a public school and express surprize that the washerwoman's daughter reads as well as the child of your own cultured neighbor, you would be told that 'thanks to the system,' the advantages of birth are being wonderfully counterbalanced; that, tho the effects of a few generations of culture may tell in other ways, no one is dependent upon his forefathers for ability to read, spell, or write."

COMPOSITION BY A BOY OF THIRTEEN.

Acting on the principle that music is as natural a form of self-expression as are words, Mrs. Fletcher Copp tries to get children to express their feelings in this way. The above represents the thought of a 13-year-old boy after studying a picture called "The Last Outpost," in which an Indian, driven westward by the white men, contemplates the Pacific with the thought that if he is again forced to move, it can only be into the ocean.

All this goes to show, Mrs. Copp concludes, that we have at present no real data for drawing inferences about the distribution of musical talent in a community. Much is there that has not been given a chance to show itself. One mistake that we are still making is that we try to reach a finished musical product at once instead of encouraging self-expression. We do no such thing in teaching expression through speech. Says Mrs. Copp:

"It is as tho a two-year-old should toddle to his mother and stammer with his crooked little tongue: 'See, mama, ve sun is playing hide and go seek wif me,' and the mother should say: 'You must not talk that way, my child. You should say, as Homer writes: "Lo! Dawn, the rosy-fingered, opes wide the gates of Day."' What would be the effect of this classical method of teaching English upon one's joy and proficiency in acquiring the mother tongue?

"The motive, then, for learning musical notation must be for the purpose of freeing the child by giving him the means of expressing his own ideas on paper as well as giving him pleasure in reading easily and joyfully the thoughts of others."

The means used for the attainment of these ends are most important, and Mrs. Copp describes her own at some length. In conclusion, she bids us note that being a musician does not consist in knowing how to "play pieces," but in thinking musical thoughts. She says:

"A child who has made his own reverie or dream has the

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keenest appreciation of a 'real composer.' We know that to trim a hat does not cause one to be unappreciative, but the reverse, of a well-trimmed hat. So it is with cake-making, dress-making, story-making, poem- and music-making. We do not complain because so few of the boys and girls, who, during their school-days, wrote essays on 'The Dog,' 'Our Country's Flag,' or 'A Visit to Grandmother,' fail to become authors or authoresses. We are satisfied if they are able to express themselves well in spoken or written language as required by the demands of every-day life. But there are times when every human being feels the need of a language beyond the power of words. Plato said, 'Music is to the mind what air is to the body.' Now air is a necessity, but we moderns have not believed music to be a necessity. We have considered it merely an accomplishment. How much more it might be!

"Every human being feels at some time or other the need of music, but this music which he needs is not the artificial substitute which has usurped the place of the real thing. Music can be to each only what he is capable of hearing, feeling, and understanding. Therefore when one sits at the piano and plays a Beethoven sonata which one can not think, can not analyze, can not mentally hear—plays exactly in the manner of the Herr Professor—one is exemplifying the parrot in music, and this is an unsatisfactory accepting of the unreal for the real, which gets us nowhere. Man is not the sum total of his words but of his thoughts, and it behooves us to stop copying words, words, words in music and to begin to think and to express ourselves.

"When we really believe what we say, that 'nothing is too good for the American child,' we shall give him eight years' training in the public school in self-expression in music, and the results will prove beyond cavil the source and cause and meaning of music. They will also, I am sure, leave no ground for the belief now entertained by some geneticists, that musical ability is a rare 'unit character' due, as has been alleged, to some 'defect in the protoplasm,' which only a few families possess; they will show on a large scale what my own experience has already made clear to me, that musical ability is part of the universal inheritance of man, just as the ability to talk is, and that the differences between individuals in respect to it are due much more to training than to differences in the heredity."

HORSE-CHESTNUTS AS FOOD

ONE UNDENIABLE BENEFIT of the war is the emphasis it has brought to bear on the ancient proverb, "Waste not, want not." Nowhere is this truer than in Germany. Even two years ago she was among the thriftiest of European nations, but since the force of the English blockade has been felt her chemists and agriculturists have worked marvels in conserving waste-material that might feed or otherwise supply her people in the pinch of need. A notable example of this enterprise is the utilization of the horse-chestnut as a source of food-supply for men as well as for animals. Like the chestnut, which forms a staple of nourishment for so many thousands in southern Europe, the horse-chestnut contains large quantities of nutritive substance, as is apparent from the following table of its average composition:

Starch and starchy matter	42	per cent.
Albuminous matter	5	"
Oil	2.5	"
Saccharin matter	9	"
Mineral matter	1.5	"
Water	40	"

Why, then, is it so unpalatable, even being esteemed poisonous by many persons? The reply is that it contains, as elements of its albuminous and saccharin contents, a typical bitter substance and certain disagreeable saponin-like glucosids. How these may be removed is the subject of an interesting article contributed to the *Chemiker Zeitung* (Cöthen) by Dr. H. Serger, of the Brunswick Experiment Station for Conservation Industries. After remarking that our chief sources of starchy-food substances lie in the various grains and in the potato, he continues:

"But there are countless trees and plants growing wild which yearly produce in their seeds very considerable quantities of starch. The most part of this is wasted, tho a small part is utilized for animal fodder. The reason lies in the conditions of gathering and handling, which in times of peace would make the product dearer than grain- or potato-starch. . . . But now, in time of war, circumstances demand that food must be secured at any cost; every source of nutrition must be exploited; for the first time price takes second place.

"It is truly marvelous that from this view-point . . . the horse-chestnut has not been more extensively used. The Prussian Minister of Agriculture has urgently advised the most extensive use of acorns, beech-mast, and horse-chestnuts for fodder . . . and it is hoped this agitation will be widely effective."

The experience of a practical cattle-breeder is then given as follows:

"As forage for wild game the horse-chestnut has long been made use of. The observation that game ate the fallen fruit with satisfaction led to the gathering of horse-chestnuts as a winter provision for game. One might have supposed it was not a long step to their use for domestic animals, but the inference was not drawn. Yet the horse-chestnut is better suited than anything else to replace the potato; . . . but it is bitter, and for this reason many animals refuse it.

"But there is a simple means of removing this bitterness to an extent which makes it acceptable to all animals without exception; namely, to cut the nuts up and boil the bitter out. The resulting mash, from which the bitter water is poured off, is given as supplementary fodder."

This same cattleman tells how a sort of meal or flour can be also made from the nuts. They are boiled for a short time in several changes of water, then freed from the brown shell, and dried on the hearth or in the oven till hard, and finally ground in a mill or put through a meat-chopper.

It is found that cattle are least sensitive to the bitter element, hence the nuts can be fed to them direct or after a brief soaking. The raw nuts fed to swine, however, produce digestive disturbances, hence it is best to give them the mash described above, from which the bitter element has been largely removed. Goats likewise will eat only the "debittered" nuts. Fowls eat this form with relish, especially if the mash be dried and then crumbled into grains. Dr. Serger quotes other earlier experiments with calves, pigs, and sheep, the fodder giving the best results in the case of the first. But for human consumption more elaborate processes of preparation are necessary, since all trace of bitterness and the unpleasant flavor due to the glucosids must be removed.

"The essential element in these glucosids of saponin character was designated Aphrodescin, by Rochleder. . . . In preparing for human food the first step was to remove the bitterness. To this end the nuts were shelled, quartered, and boiled to a mush with plentiful supplies of water. The water was then ladled off, fresh water was poured on, reboiled, and again ladled off. Finally, the mush was washed by decantation with abundant quantities of cold water. It was then placed on linen cloths to drain, and, spread out thin at a low temperature (30–40 degrees centigrade), was dried in a warm current of air. The tolerably firm cakes of a yellowish-white color were then ground to a white flour. The flour was white with a yellowish tone and had a slight, but noticeable, bitter taste. But still more marked was a sweetish, irritating after-taste lingering in the throat unpleasantly for a long time and due to the saponin-like glucosids. The process was now altered by first boiling the nuts to a mush, ladling off the water, and then decanting repeatedly with a 1 per cent. solution of potash . . . the final result was flour entirely free from a bitter taste, but retaining the unpleasant flavor of the glucosids. Part of this flour was successfully fed to chickens and pigs, which found it to their taste."

However, bread made with 25 per cent. of this flour and 75 per cent. of wheat-flour, while attractive looking, retained so much of the offending glucosid flavor as to be unpalatable. Therefore, further experiments were undertaken with the result that it was found possible to eliminate the glucosids by extraction with 50 per cent. alcohol. The final product, thus obtained, was an entirely neutral flour making irreproachable bread.

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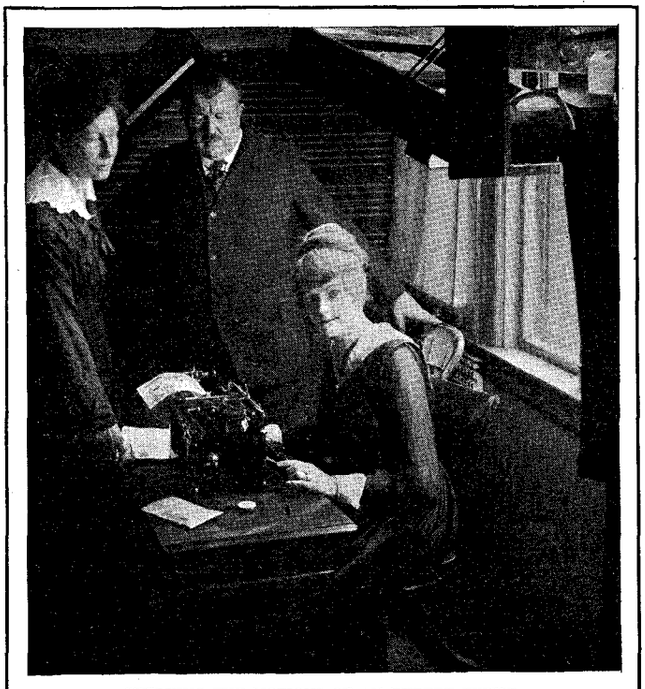
That the process is not prohibitively expensive, according to Dr. Serger, is due to the low cost of the wild nuts in the first place, and secondly, to the fact that the extraction alcohol can be used over and over several times and can then be regenerated.

The extensiveness of such a possible addition to Germany's food-resources is indicated by a brief computation. A horse-chestnut-tree whose height equals 30 meters (nearly 100 feet) bears on an average three to four thousand nuts, whose total weight is about 40 kilograms, about one-fourth of which can be turned into flour. Hence an avenue 500 meters long (1,625 feet, or 542 yards), composed of 80 trees, should yield 800 kilograms, or 16 hundredweight of flour.

ANALYZING CHAMPIONS

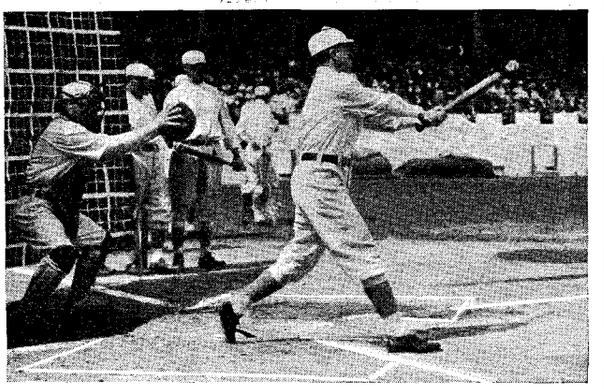
IS THERE ANYTHING COMMON to the methods of all those who excel, whether in playing tennis, performing surgical operations, or laying bricks? Is it possible so to analyze the movements of those who are particularly successful in manual operations as to bring out the underlying similarity and so make it possible to teach other persons to be successful also? In the course of an article on "The Magic of Motion-Study," contributed to *The World's Work* (New York, July) by Reginald T. Townsend, we are told that Frank B. Gilbreth, the apostle of "motion-study," is employing his ingenious and peculiar methods of investigation in the solution of this interesting problem. We read:

"At present Gilbreth is busily engaged in studying the likenesses between human activities, as he believes that too much time has been wasted already in studying their differences. That is, Mr. Gilbreth believes that skill in all trades, in all forms of athletics, and even in such professions as surgery, is based on one common set of fundamental principles—the principles of economy of effort and rhythm of motion. In other words, all champions belong, in a sense, to the same breed—they unconsciously use exactly the same methods to achieve their exceptional results. All skilled work, whether it be that of a surgeon or a stenographer, looks alike to him, and he keeps on filming experts and adding proofs that the same principles underlie manual skill of all kinds. Mr. Gilbreth has set out to take moving pictures of as many champions or experts in various trades or sports as he can, in order to study their methods and find the points of similarity between their motions. So the champion typist of the world, an expert bricklayer, and Christy Mathewson, the famous baseball-pitcher, have been photographed;



STUDYING THE MOTIONS OF AN EXPERT TYPIST.

The head and body of the typist are thrown up sharply against a black background, divided into cross-sections of known lengths, so that her motions can be measured by the difference of position in each picture.



STUDYING THE MOTIONS OF THE "GIANTS."

In his studies of manual skill Mr. Gilbreth is analyzing, with the help of the moving-picture camera, the motions of various experts, including, bricklayers, pianists, surgeons, fencers, and bookkeepers.

and a few months ago, in Germany, Gilbreth took pictures of the champion fencer of the world. He even hopes to get pictures of the champion oyster-opener of Rhode Island! Altho this study of the motions of experts has been under way only a short while, it has already yielded such important results in the finding of similar fundamental motions that Mr. Gilbreth is sure it will advance the cause of scientific management. . . . And the field for this advance is as wide as the applications of skilled labor itself. The waste of effort, the waste of time, and the reduced output due to unnecessary and unskilled motion are almost beyond belief when studied closely."

LIVING WITH A BULLET IN THE HEART

AMONG THE MANY MARVELOUS FEATS of delicate and skilful surgery achieved in the modern war-hospitals some of the most striking, as the rarest, have been those in which the operator relieved the heart itself of the presence of an intruding body, such as a bullet or a bit of shell. Two such are recorded to the credit of a French surgeon, Dr. Beaussenat. In May, 1915, this physician presented to the French Academy of Medicine a wounded man from whose heart he had removed by cardiotomy a fragment of a grenade which had lodged in the cavity of the right ventricle. The case was considered unique. It demonstrated an unexpected tolerance of the heart for foreign bodies, for a considerable period of time had elapsed between the wound and the operation. It showed, too, that other similar cases might be operated on with a chance of success.

By an extraordinary coincidence another almost identical case fell into the hands of the same surgeon. This was presented to the Academy of Sciences on April 10. It is thus described in the June number of the *Bibliothèque Universelle* (Lausanne) by Mr. Henry de Varigny:

"Corporal D., aged thirty-one, infantryman, was wounded in a charge at Éparges, September 7, 1914. He was observed to have a wound in the left side of the thorax. A radiograph showed no missile, and the wounded man was discharged in a fortnight with the strange diagnosis of peritonitis."

But his health failed to return. His breathing was difficult, he could not lie down, and he had other distressing symptoms:

"In consequence of these a new radiograph was made, this time under better conditions. The picture revealed the amazing fact that a shrapnel-ball was in the same locality as the heart, probably in the interior of the ventricular cavity. On the 8th

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of September, 1915, just a year and a day after the entrance of the bullet, Dr. Beaussenat operated to remove it. A large flap was cut and folded back so as to lay bare the heart. By exploration with the fingers the ball was discovered to be in the right ventricle, near the point. The surgeon lifted the heart from the pericardium and seized the point solidly between the middle and index fingers of the left hand, pushing the projectile toward the summit of the organ, where it was held firmly.

"Two silk threads were then passed through the thickness of the ventricle, parallel and nearly half an inch from each other. While an assistant drew these apart, thus lifting and holding the ventricular wall, Dr. Beaussenat made an incision between the two threads at the level of the projectile; on arriving at this he seized it and extracted it. There was a formidable hemorrhage. . . . But the middle and index fingers, aided by the thumb, quickly stopt it, and the two threads, brought toward each other this time, were crossed and tied.

"Five stitches were taken to bring the lips of the incision together, the heart was replaced in the pericardium, this was sewed up, and finally the flap on the thorax was folded back and sutured."

The first symptoms after this wonderful piece of work were very disquieting. There were great pain, agitation, delirium, a rapid and intermittent pulse, "precordial anguish." However, on the fifteenth day, the patient was out of danger, and when he was presented before the Academy in April, 1916, seven months later, he was perfectly well. He is incommoded only by a slight difficulty in breathing when walking fast. On auscultation the heart appears normal. His case will be kept under observation, however, to see whether the cardiac scar will not trouble him more in the course of time. Similar cases are reported both from England and from Germany.

WHEN WHISKY IS NOT MEDICINE

HOW MUCH ALCOHOLIC LIQUOR may a physician prescribe for a patient in a "dry" locality without raising the presumption that it is to be used as a beverage instead of as a medicine? This problem is set for *The Druggists' Circular* (New York, July) by a correspondent in Mississippi. A legal authority consulted by the editor reports that he can find no statute-law on the subject, nor any court-decision that would appear to control the doctor's judgment. The editor believes that to secure a verdict against a physician charged with prescribing liquor in excess of the legitimate needs of his patient, the prosecuting attorney would have to show to the satisfaction of the jury that the amount prescribed was really excessive. "And the ideas of different juries are apt to vary in matters of this kind." The legal authority consulted by the editor goes on to say:

"The rights of a druggist in general are well stated in the decision of the Missouri Court of Appeals in the case of State *versus* Robertson . . . where it was held that when a physician issues a prescription in regular form, it is authority to the druggist to sell the liquor therein prescribed, and such druggist has a right to assume that the prescription was issued in good faith.

"In short, if a druggist delivers liquor on a prescription in the form prescribed by law to cover such sales, without any intimation that the prescription is being used as a subterfuge to evade a law forbidding the sale of liquor as a beverage, he is on the safe side of the law.

"But it has been recognized in numerous decisions . . . that a druggist is amenable to the law, regardless of any claim of good faith, if he has made a sale under a prescription which does not conform to the statutory requirements, and that a prescription, regular on its face, is not conclusive as to good faith, when there is proof to show that the physician and the druggist were parties to an attempt to evade the law.

"Remembering that where a prescription is regular on its face—the question of guilty intent is to be determined by the facts of the particular case—the quantity of liquor prescribed might have an important bearing on a court or jury's finding, especially when the nature of the prescription is such that, in the light of common experience, it challenges suspicion on the point of good faith. The nature of the patient's supposed complaint as established by proof, any intemperate habits, or any other circumstance relevantly pointing to the good faith of the physician in issuing the prescription would control the question in a particular case. Often expert testimony of physicians as to the propriety of prescribing the stated quantity of liquor would prove decisive on an inquiry as to whether the physician acted innocently.

"As to the druggist, if he has seen that the prescription is in due form, he can not be held to have violated the law, unless, as above stated, there is proof of the fact that he knew the prescription was not issued in good faith."

BACK-YARD IRRIGATION

OUR BACK-YARDS are going to waste. We should irrigate them with town water, and use them for truck-gardens. So thinks the editor of *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago, July 12), expressing himself in a leading article entitled "The Great Undeveloped Field for Water-Works." Almost every residence that has a bit of ground about it, the writer thinks, is a place where more water can be profitably used for six months of the year. Garden-truck and fruit to the wholesale value of $500 to $1,000 an acre can be annually produced where intelligent irrigation is applied. He goes on:

"A patch of ground, 50 by 100 feet, is almost an eighth of an acre. At the retail prices of vegetables and berries, such a patch of ground can be made to yield annually fully $150 worth of food at retail prices, with no great labor on the part of its owner. Consider the number of such patches of land in any city or town, and it becomes at once evident that this market for water is very great, yet it is a market that has been scarcely touched.

"Had water-works managers employed the same methods that electric light and power companies have so successfully applied—namely, educational publicity in local papers and a sliding scale of rates based on metered service—there is no doubt that to-day we would be using not 100 to 150 gallons per capita, but 300 to 500 gallons per capita during the crop-raising season in nearly every city and town in this country.

"Around every municipality there is a fringe—and by no means a narrow fringe—of residences dependent for water on wells subject to contamination. Under existing rates it may not pay to extend the water-mains into such suburban districts, but under a metered system giving very low rates for large consumption of water, these suburban places would find it exceedingly profitable to use water in large quantities for irrigation. A water-works that could not make a profit by selling small quantities of water to scattered consumers in the suburbs would profit greatly by selling large quantities to those same consumers.

"Every man who has the slightest knowledge of the effectiveness of irrigation even in so-called moist climates will see the force of our argument, but it may be questioned whether the public can be induced to go into the raising of garden-truck and fruit. We are confident that a very large part of the public can be led to this practise, provided proper publicity methods are employed. Our confidence rests upon the fact that already a goodly number of individuals have found it pleasurable as well as profitable to do a little farming in their back-yards, applying less than an hour's work daily to the task. Children are easily encouraged to raise vegetables, and, with the aid of the public schools, it will not be difficult to teach them to become successful farmers on a small scale, raising all the 'green stuff' and berries that are consumed in their homes during half the year.

"Every city of homes—and that means every city in at least part of its area—should be a city of gardens. People should be taught how to make it so, how little it costs to make it so, and how certain are the garden crops when properly irrigated. They should be led to realize that vegetables and berries plucked fresh are infinitely more palatable than the inevitably stale stuff that the markets provide.

"Now, all this superiority of home-raised 'garden-truck' is attainable by many at next to no cost, and is certain of being secured every spring, summer, and early fall by the judicious use of an overhead-sprinkling system in the garden patch.

"As water-rates now stand, as politics has been, as indeed we all have been—dead to the possibilities—water is used in but relatively small quantities where it should be used in great abundance—used, not wasted. . . . Let us educate residents with yards, truck-gardeners, owners of vacant lots, and all who can raise vegetables and fruit, to use city water to increase and insure crops. There is no experiment involved in such a step,

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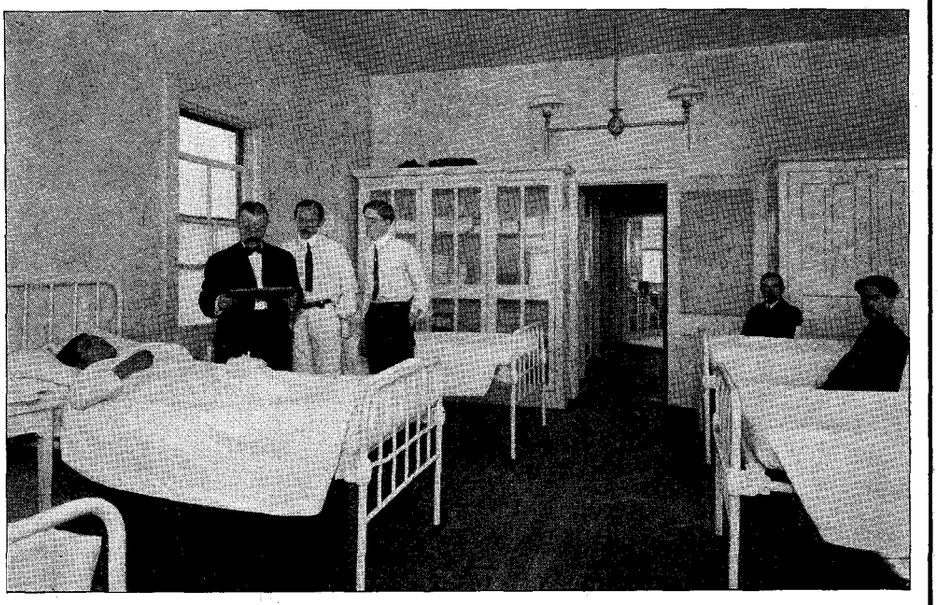
for many a watered back-yard already bears witness to what can be done in raising berries and vegetables. 'Back to the soil' right in our towns and cities, is a movement that every purveyor of city water should lend a hand to effect."

DO THE SICK NEED PALACES?

A DRASTIC CRITICISM of modern palatial railroad stations, made by a railroad man, was quoted recently in these pages. Below we give a similar criticism of expensive hospital buildings, made by Dr. C. L. Bonfield, visiting physician at Good Samaritan and Christ hospitals, Cincinnati, Ohio. This forms part of an address on "The Hospital of the Future," delivered by Dr. Bonfield at a recent meeting of the West Virginia Hospital Association, and is printed in *Hospital Management* (Louisville, Ky., June). Dr. Bonfield thinks that in hospital-construction, usability and comfort are of more consequence than architectural elaboration and the use of costly materials. In building the hospital of the future, he says, care will be taken to obtain the desired results at as small an initial cost as possible, and to plan it so that it can be operated at the least possible expense. A city, a church, or a corporation will not be proud of the hospital of the future because it covers more ground than some other hospital of its class, nor will hospitals vie with one another as to how much marble and other purely ornamental material are to be used. He goes on:



A HOSPITAL BUILT ONLY FOR RESULTS.

This hospital at 135th Street and the East River, New York, is maintained for injured workmen by the Tunnels Company, which is tunneling under the East River at Astoria.

"Some railroads, and some of the large manufacturing concerns, are already building hospitals for their own employees. These corporations, managed by the keenest business men of the country, will not squander money in useless ornamentation, and when they have demonstrated to the world that just as good results can be obtained in their plain and unostentatious buildings as in the most elaborate and finely furnished and finished institutions in existence, politicians will be compelled more or less to follow their example.

"A municipality will be unwilling to pay, say, $5,000 per bed for an institution, in which to treat the absolute failures in life, who are accustomed in health to nothing but hovels, when they find The Smith Company and The Jones Company are having their self-respecting and valuable workmen treated just as well in institutions that cost from $2,000 to $2,500 per bed. It goes without saying that the same corporation that will employ an expert to show it how to reduce the cost of manufacture by having the factory properly planned, so that the smallest number of laborers possible will be able to produce the required output, will insist that its hospital be planned so that it can be conducted in the most economical manner.

"Experience has taught that with modern methods of ventilation and with fire-proof construction, there is no reason why a hospital should not be five, six, or even more stories high, if need be, and the necessity of the detached pavilion no longer exists. . . . . .

"I am familiar with a hospital which recently constructed an addition for some fifty patients at a cost of some $200,000. They put in an automatic electric elevator that is so situated that they have already found it necessary to forbid its use after bedtime, on account of the noise. The house physicians' quarters are in part of one of the wings for patients, and as a consequence they are not permitted to sing, or even laugh heartily, lest they disturb the sick. Both of these things I regard as serious defects."

In church or other hospitals that are part charity and part pay, there is always a demand for cheap small rooms, or for a bed in the room that can accommodate two or three people. The hospital of the future, Dr. Bonfield thinks, will be well provided with these accommodations, because this will allow some persons to go to the hospital who would otherwise be deterred either by the expense or the necessity of going into a public ward. He continues:

"If possible, the hospital should be so constructed that every room for a patient will some time during the day get some sunshine. Sunshine is not only a health-giving agent, but it does much to cheer the patient. The halls and floors should be as near sound-proof as possible, and the doors should be wide enough for a bed to pass through easily. All corners should be rounded, and the furnishing should be selected with care, so as not to collect dust.

"Some years ago hotels were being built with the kitchen on the top floor, but this custom has largely been abandoned on account of the elevator expense, and improvements in ventilation make it unnecessary. The hospital of the future, therefore, will have its kitchen in the basement, preferably at the rear of the administration building, so that it can serve the various wings easily.

"The operating-rooms should be on the top floor, preferably with a northern or a northwestern light. A good skylight should also be provided for all except those used for eye, nose, and ear operations. . . . . .

"I believe that the diagnostician and the surgeon in the hospital of the future will frequently avail themselves of the opportunity to observe the patient at complete rest and of the opportunity of having all examinations made under the most favorable conditions. The hospital of the future will have its *x*-ray department where the man in charge will work for a salary. It will have its laboratory, with a competent pathologist and bacteriologist, who also will be a salaried man. The hospital will charge for the services of these men, but they will be able to charge for them at a wholesale rate, and therefore it will be less expensive than it is now to secure their services.

"It may be asked why I prophesy that these positions will be filled by salaried men, while surgery and the real medical treatment are done by private contract. I am well aware that in one hospital in St. Louis already the chief surgeon receives an annual salary, and his fees are collected and kept by the hospital. I understand there is a large maternity hospital in Pittsburg where the chief obstetrician receives a salary and the hospital charges whatever it thinks his services are worth, but I do not believe it will ever become a general custom."

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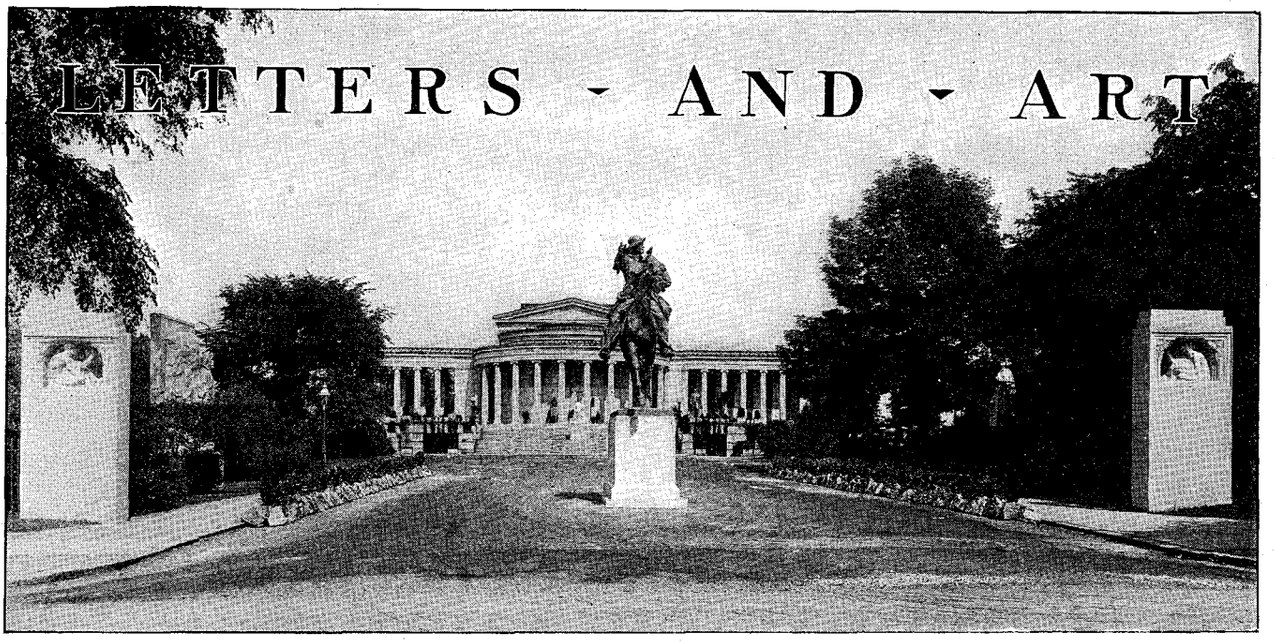

"KIT CARSON" GUARDING THE ALBRIGHT ART-MUSEUM.

The equestrian statue by Augustus Lukeman and F. G. R. Roth is flanked by the Lowry memorials.

SCULPTURE AT BUFFALO

THE RARITY of sculpture-exhibitions on the scale and with the comprehensiveness that mark our frequent picture-exhibitions is emphasized by the show now being held in Buffalo. The scheme of bringing together some eight hundred examples of American work is said to have originated with the late Karl Bitter; its realization is accomplished by the National Sculpture Society and Miss Sage, director of the Albright Gallery. The jury took what they wanted of the Panama-Pacific exhibit and added to the four hundred thus chosen another four hundred representing work more recently completed or work only now available. The novelty of the exhibition is the avowed commercial purpose of the assemblage. It is not a loan collection, points out a reviewer of the exhibition, Mary Bronson Hartt, but a huge shop where the great majority of the exhibits are for sale. The range of work runs from medals to the monumental, and between these extremes are many "of the sort that one might dream of possessing, not only purchasable, but livable." In the Boston *Transcript* this writer first praises the arrangement, saying that "it is hard to believe that the whole imposing park approach was not designed to set off the sculptured figures temporarily embellishing it." Going on:

"For all its springing water-jets, the big stone pool and fountain on the level of the driveway could never really have 'come alive' till it was crowned by Bitter's deliciously humorous bronze 'Goose Girl' from the Rockefeller estate, at which you can't look without sympathetic inward wriggles of delight. The sweeping stone balustrade of the great terraced stairway must have ended tamely enough without Anna Hyatt's superb pair of great Danes. The curved stone benches closing in the ends of the landing-terrace provided an exedra-like setting for two spirited bronzes—Edward McCartan's wind-blown piping 'Pan' and Chester Beach's 'Boy with Bagpipes.' The twin green courts, left by an angle of the gallery, accommodate each a large gold bronze—on one side Herbert Adams's lovely group for the McMillan fountain in Washington, a composition which has the contours of a Greek vase, and on the other, Karl Bitter's Pulitzer statue, a nude figure which suffers from being seen too low. In the midst of the upper flight of stairs is set a somewhat rigid seated lady with a book, done by Stirling Calder, which probably looked quite easy when posed against the architectural background of the Lea Memorial, in a Philadelphia cemetery, but is not so happy against the horizontal lines of the stairway here.

"Back against the masonry of the wings are placed heroic seated portrait-statues—on the left, Chief Justice Marshall, by Herbert Adams, modeled for Cleveland, Ohio; on the right, Bitter's model for the statue of Andrew D. White.

"Four other of these great portrait-statues are placed against the building, two on the Elmwood Avenue side—Adams's William Cullen Bryant for Bryant Park, and Bitter's superb Jefferson; and two by Bitter on the south side of the gallery—Carl Schurz and Thomas Lowry. These latter, both standing figures, it will be remembered, offer an interesting opportunity to compare the sculptural merits of a silk hat and Prince Albert (with which accessories it was necessary to depict Lowry, since he never appeared without them), and a soft hat and flowing, caped cloak such as Carl Schurz affected. On the north wall, the supply of great sculptured Americans having given out, two colossal symbolic figures are placed—Herbert Adams's graceful 'Victory' from the Vicksburg monument, and a dignified, but not very interesting, figure representing 'Law,' by Keck."

The gallery on all sides is set with outdoor sculpture, each piece being shown as nearly as possible in an environment similar to that for which it is designed. Inside the gallery the same purpose is carried out. The Fountain Court is called by the writer "an emotional experience":

"At first it looks like a solo by French's radiant lady. But lingering awhile, you become aware of the smaller marbles and little, spirited bronzes, chiming in to make a chorus that swells and swells till it is a perfect shout—the joy of life, of youth, of energy, of innocence, the careless bliss of Arcady, the purer rapture of the seeking soul.

"It begins with Robert Aitken's delightful pagan little bronze, 'Pan,' supporting a sun-dial, at the lower end of the pool, and mounts through a troop of dancing bacchantes, irresponsible fauns, slender nymphs, and gleeful fountain figures, to the dawn of spirit in wistful adolescence, and on to that yearning reach beyond the flesh embodied in Piccirilli's wonderful white 'Soul' and Karl Bitter's 'Fear Not the Night, Thy Soul is Awake with the Stars.' And the feeling of it all is in the splendid sweep of the uplifted arm of the great gold 'Spirit of Life.'

"It is not every day that a committee on installation gets a chance to compose like this, not only with line and mass and color, but with feeling as well. They have made the most of it, Mr. Weinman and Mr. Aitken achieving an arrangement which fits into and enhances the architectural effect of the rooms (an effect it would be hard to match in America), creating a most delusive impression of galleries only set out with sculpture enough to look attractive. It is not till you begin to identify and appraise that you realize that the least of them has enough

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in it to keep you busy for a morning. Monotony there is none. Advantage is taken of every vista. The whiteness of marble is set off against the creamy tones of casts, and these again against the varied greens and browns and golds of real or simulated bronze. Living green has been used where it was needed to banish coldness—an especially happy device being the square or oval trellis of ivy providing a light background for a life-sized nymph or faun. The sculptors have not been a bit afraid of the sort of balance some people so painfully avoid in their drawing-rooms; and the effect is merely ordered and restful, not set.

"It is curious to note that of the one hundred and sixty-eight sculptors represented, sixty-eight come to us from the Old World, ten claiming birth in Italy, and twelve in Germany, and also that of the whole number, fifty-four are women."

THE REAL WAR-POETRY

PEOPLE who have felt themselves smothered by the floods of verse released by the war may take comfort in the assurance of its early oblivion. There must, however, be a saving remnant out of all this emotional outpouring, and Mr. E. B. Osborn, of the London *Morning Post*, tells us he is engaged on an anthology of "true war-poems"—not "the stuff which is still being turned out by professional poets sitting at tidy desks in comfortable arm-chairs." His book will admit only the work of soldiers and sailors, and he seeks eagerly the unprinted poems which, he has good reason to know, are often as fine as anything that is published. He does not, indeed, deny that some of the stay-at-home singers and makers have written verse for war-time which is not unworthy of their reputations in peace-time. English poets

> Who sleep at ease
> In a safe corner of a world in flame

have to pass a severe examination of the products of their labor:

"In the intolerable deal of realistic or romantic war-poetry, which is merely rhetoric (good, or bad, or indifferent), there are perhaps half a dozen pieces so simple and sincere as to convince the soldier-critic that the war had entered as iron into the author's very soul. All the rest has that fatal fault of insincerity which sooner or later forces the note—so that the fighting man shrugs his shoulders and thinks to himself that these writing chaps, by Jove, are a jolly dangerous crowd, what? The psychological reason of all this overemphasized emotion is not far to seek. All non-combatants are more or less at feud with Fate to-day for making them too young or too old to fight, or, worse still, of the wrong sex for fighting. This secret shame expresses itself in the following lines from a newly published book of verse:

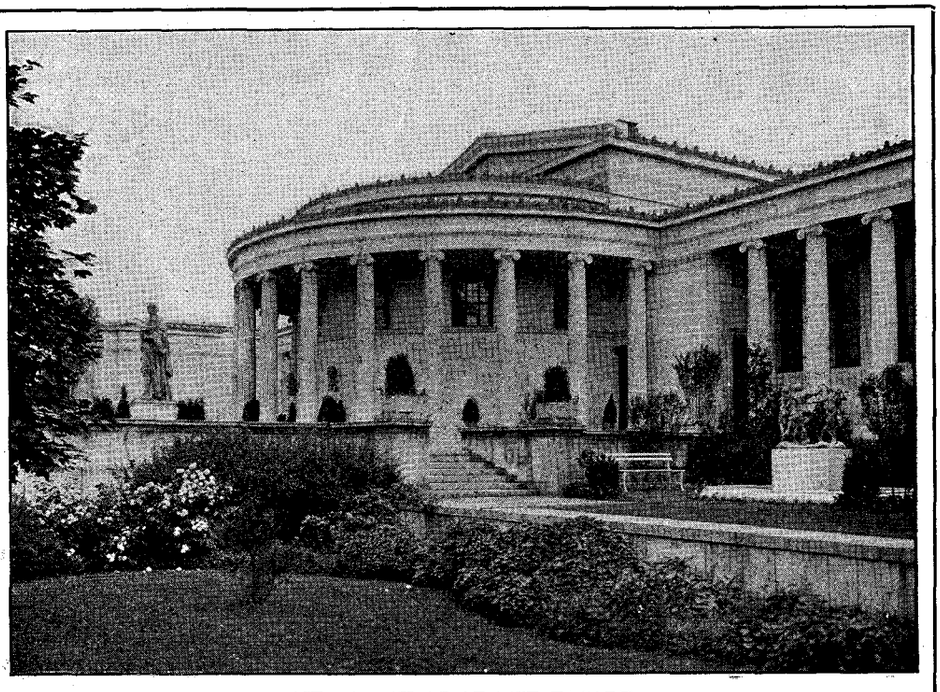
> Not these bright feet
> Which tread their chosen road of death, deplore;
> But ours which walk the customary street,
> Barren and dull and anxious as before.
>
> These million dead
> Need not your tears: but let them flow
> For us to whom is given our daily bread
> And are content—as long as this is so.

"This is the *Ora pro nobis* of a poetess [Lady Margaret Sackville in 'The Pageant of War']; so you can imagine how one who is a poet and a man rages at himself and destiny. Our manly poets, such as Mr. Kipling and Dr. Bridges, have hardly written a line of verse since the war began; the truth is that they are too angry for tasks of interpretation which can only be achieved to the artist's satisfaction in moods as serene and self-contemplative as that violet hour before the dawn of a summer's day. Not passion, but passion in retrospect, is the stuff out of which true poetry is fashioned in wondrous wise."

His words do not apply to French poets, "who see the long, bleeding gash in the white side of their beloved country, and feel the pain of it in their very heart-strings; nor to the Belgian poets in exile, in whom a sense of years lost that can never be regained burns like an old wound, when the skies are weeping." For:

"Some of these have endured so much that pain has lost its power over them; the unconquerable spirit claps her silvery wings and flies free beyond the tyrannies of circumstance. So the note is never forced, there is no suspicion of insincerity in the war-poems of M. Emile Cammaerts, for example, a collection of which will be presently published—it is a privilege to have seen them before publication. He has found himself again; he has recovered the simple faith, medieval in its childlike confidence, that all earth is open to the mercy and majesty of Heaven, that Germany's gigantic clockwork Empire can not in the end withstand the least of the spiritual powers. Love of country is all in all to him; hatred of the enemy a sterile emotion, not always to be resisted, perhaps, but best left unsaid and unsung. What matter the huge reports, veritable air-quakes, of Germany's great guns, as long as the 'Angelus' can be heard each evening in the heart of an exiled poet?—

> Quand le vent vient de chez nous
> Et que la mer est sage,
> On peut entendre, certains soirs, sur la plage
> Mourir le son plaintif et doux
> De l'Angelus: Don dé,
> Din don, din don dé."



NEARER VIEW OF THE FAÇADE

Showing the outdoor disposition of parts of the sculpture exhibition.

Of such war-poetry, Mr. Osborn declares, "the English poets are incapable, because England has not yet felt in her quiet, green countryside the wounds of warfare—the anguish of invasion which must be felt before a nation's soul can fully find itself." So, he argues,

"If we wish to think about war in terms of spirituality—*sub specie æternitatis*, that is—we must resort to our soldier-poets, of whom the fellowship is daily increasing, silently and invisibly.

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They, and they only, know in their hearts' core what the ordeal of battle truly is; and their small gifts of verse, howsoever crude the craftsmanship, should be more to us than all the cunningly wrought artistry of the professional poets who are not living in the war. Here are two or three examples of the real war-poetry, which I have in mind. The first two are from 'The Anzac Book,' every line of which was written in Gallipoli. Private E. J. Godfrey (7th Austr. Field Amb.) is the author of this wonderful impression of a night in a trench, within earshot of the busy enemy:

This is indeed a false, false night;
There's not a soldier sleeps,
But like a ghost stands to his post,
While Death through the long sap creeps.

There's an eerie, filmy spell o'er all—
A murmur from the sea;
And not a sound on the hills around—
Say, what will the silence be?

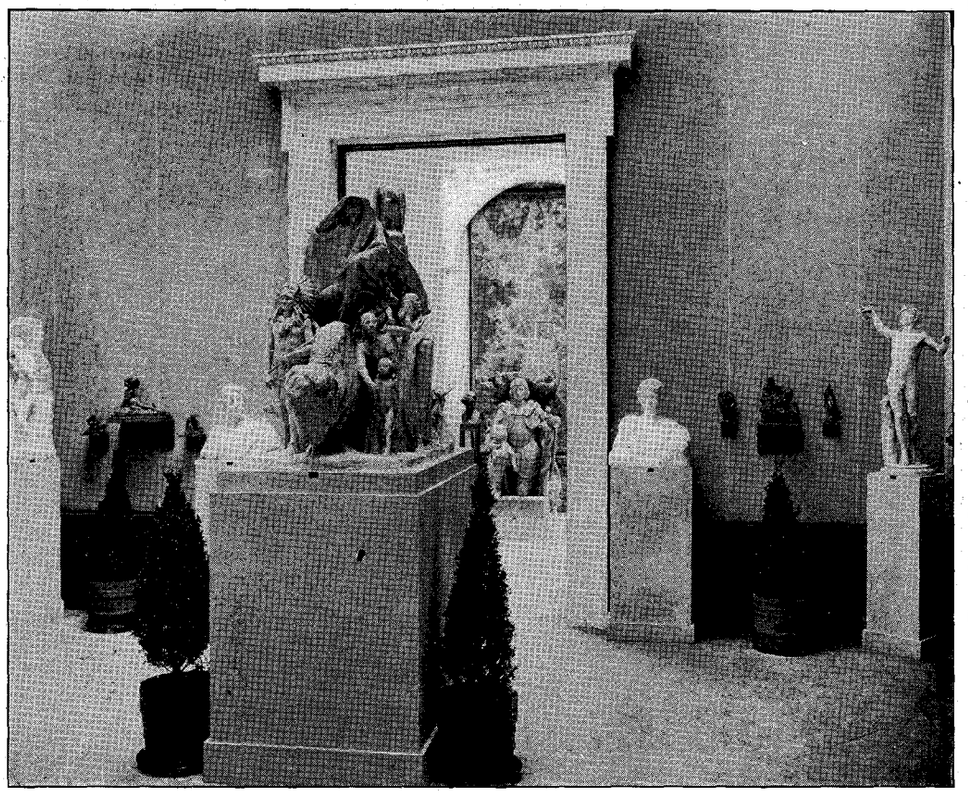
Within my heart I safely keep,
England, what things are yours:
Your clouds and cloudlike flocks of sheep
That drift o'er windy moors.
Possessing naught, I proudly hold
Great hills and little gay
Hill-towns set black on sunrise-gold
At breaking of the day.

Tho unto me you be austere
And loveless, darling land;
Tho you be cold and hard, my dear,
And will not understand,
Yet have I fought and bled for you,
And by that selfsame sign,
Still must I love you, yearn to you,
England—how truly mine.

"And the same poet, in the same little trench-paper, tells us how these happy youths, his comrades, find a greater happiness in self-sacrifice:

Now these like men shall live,
And like to princes fall.
They take what Fate will give
At this great festival.

And since at last they find
That Life is sweet indeed,
They cast it on the wind
To serve their country's need."



WHAT GREETS ONE INDOORS AT THE ALBRIGHT GALLERY,

The central figure being an Indian group by H. A. MacNeil and the lectern in the rear, a knightly figure, by A. A. Weinman. The contrast of bronze and marble is apparent here.

"And these lines of home and beauty (signed only 'C. J. N.') have the patterned felicity of the personal war-poetry of Sir Philip Sidney's triumphant period:

As some far swimmer, turning, views once more
England's white cliffs, and strongly cleaves t'ward shore,
But, tide-encumbered, faints; so far and dear
Thy crystal arms and pillared throat appear,
Love, to thy soldier who makes earth his bed
In this gray catacomb of unnamed dead.
Thy voice, o'er tossing seas of eves and dawns,
Comes like dim music heard on magic lawns;
And, when in prayer thou kneelest, this grim brow
Feels the cool benison of hands which thou
Wouldst often grant. Now know I 'twas not vain
Our love, whose memory softens present pain.

"None can complain of the craftsmanship of these two little poems. In both cases the jewel of sincerity, all on fire within, is set in the fine, classic gold. Thirdly, from a little trench-paper, I take these lines (signed 'F. W. H.'—and I hear the author lately won his commission) in which the patriotism, which is so much more than an ism, is faithfully, fondly set forth:

WHAT'S IN THE NAME OF A NOVEL?

BOOKSELLERS rarely waste energy in working their talent for criticism. Following the example of the shoemaker that sticks to his last, they are chiefly occupied with choosing works that can be disposed of profitably. But when a number of booksellers get together, as they did at their convention in Chicago, they naturally compare notes as to what helps or hinders the sale of a book. One count made against the author's responsibility in this matter is what the New York *Tribune* describes as "the inanity of the titles given to so much of the new fiction by authors or publishers." The man behind the book-shop knows what's in a name from the commercial point of view, this journal tells us, while it points out that a felicitous title is, indeed, a "rare find, growing increasingly difficult as the field for the exercise of human ingenuity is being ever more restricted by the multitude of published (and copyrighted) titles of novels." And the astonishing information is given that "at one time, some twenty years ago, it was even currently reported that enterprising geniuses made the invention and copyright of titles a side industry, selling their product to the one who discovered at the last moment that the title on which he had set his heart was no longer his for the taking." *The Tribune* then recalls the story of Thackeray's discovery after many anxious days and sleepless nights in search of a title. It came to him like a bolt from the blue one night, and he jumped out of bed, saying to himself aloud: "I have it! Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair!" This title is "original, arresting," we are told, and our informant adds that William Dean Howells has

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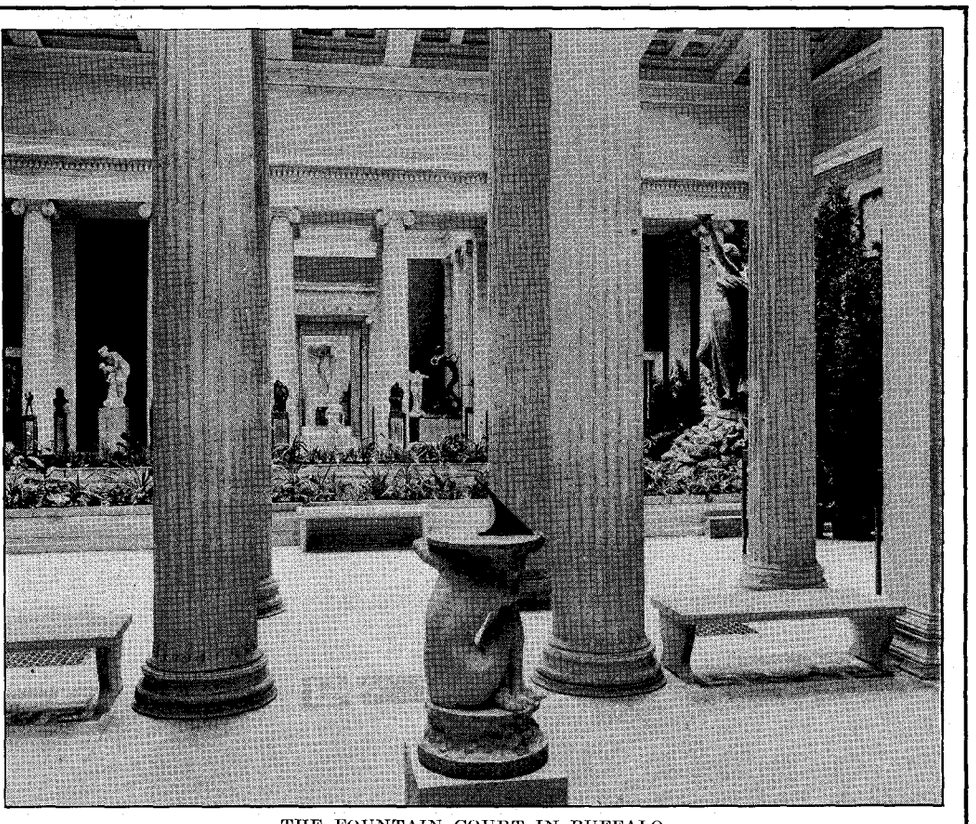
found Shakespeare a never-failing refuge in his search for titles for his many books. Charles Reade is credited with a knack for selecting "striking" titles and mention is made of "It Is Never Too Late to Mend" and "Put Yourself in His Place." But the title of his masterpiece, "The Cloister and the Hearth," is of his own invention, and is, if anything, "a handicap rather than an aid to the story's well-merited and enduring success." Probably the best title given by an American to his work is "The Scarlet Letter," according to *The Tribune*, which calls Tolstoy "a master of titles."

ATROCITIES IN ENGLISH

ATROCITIES PERPETRATED on the English language by eminent leader-writers since the beginning of the war have become so numerous that a writer in the London *Saturday Review*, who says he is averse to a policy of reprisal, feels nevertheless that "while a leader-writer lives it can not seriously be maintained that justice has been done." But he suggests no choice of the many means of extinction now at hand in Europe and, with somewhat of softening in his demeanor, turns deferentially to the Prime Minister on behalf of his mother tongue. Recalling that in answer to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith stated that a committee of the cabinet had been appointed some time ago to "deal generally with all questions of reconstruction . . . which are likely to arise at the close of the war," our commentator says he will be content to "see the English language restored even to that state of impurity in which it existed before the war." Then he asks whether it is the "vision of an idealist" or if one really may hope that "when peace enters at the door 'pacifist' may fly out of the window," and "pacificist" may take wing with it for all he cares. His indictment of London leader-writers follows:



THE FOUNTAIN COURT IN BUFFALO.

The large figure at the reader's right is a replica of the Trask Memorial at Saratoga, "The Spirit of Life," by Daniel Chester French, here set before a pool and reproducing the environment of the original.

"Those journalists who would have forced the Dardanelles without disaster become suspect when we find them writing English less accurate than General Hamilton's. We shall, perhaps, entrust our destinies to Tudor Street or Printing House Square when the leading articles have recovered the somber dignity of their, and our, boyhood, when the best-known papers on either side in politics have ceased speaking of 'air stunts' and 'ginger committees.' Inverted commas make conspicuous the unsightliness they are intended to excuse, recalling the new proverb that—'Inverted commas enclose a multitude of slang.'

"When Homer nods, can we blame little poets who hide in the shadow of his mantle? It was inevitable that the Budget levy on tickets for cinematograph performances should be hailed indignantly as a 'tax on movies.' We prefer not to imagine the effect of such language on the scholarly officials of the Treasury, and yet they themselves are not altogether guiltless who speak of 'super-tax,' as the Admiralty of 'super-dreadnoughts,' or a gourmand of a 'super-luncheon.'

"When the reconstruction of English is taken in hand, let the Cabinet Committee go to work with discretion, remembering that a word or phrase is not necessarily bad because it is new. The verbs 'to maffick' and 'to stellenbosch' came to us half a generation ago; it is unlikely that even the Anti-German League will uproot the verb 'to strafe.' 'A red hat,' too, is an indispensable term of reproach, and no doubt half-pay colonels at Cheltenham will continue to be called 'dugouts' because, like the *Punch* definition of a 'yorker' at cricket, it is difficult to see what else they could be called."

The nicknames of the trenches, such as "Jack Johnsons" and "whiz-bangs," are dying their natural death even now, but the writer urges upon the committee the necessity of removing "some" from its place of "undeserved honor as the universal epithet." Also it must deal vigorously with pronunciation until it has "captured the stress on 'ally' and restored it to the last syllable." But—

"With proper names the committee will be well advised not to interfere. It is part of our glorious heritage always to mispronounce, and frequently to misspell, them; it is characteristic of the rugged insularity that has made us what we are. Moreover, a case can always be established for pronouncing a place-name according to the taste and fancy of the individual. Readers of 'Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq.,' know that 'Reims' has to rime with 'dreams'; archeologists (who will say anything) claim that 'Ypres' was pronounced 'Wipers' in the Hundred Years' War, which, if it prove anything, proves the assertion of the lady in *Punch* that the French do not understand their own language. As for Przemysl, no one can pronounce it, and there is considerable doubt whether any one wishes to.

"I have had space only to hint at the work which lies before the Cabinet Committee. The atrocities cited are a mere collection of samples, and it would be a mistake to think the task is too slight to repay trouble. The Prime Minister, a very lord of language, is no doubt *ex officio* a member of all subcommittees, and, could he find the leisure, there is no man more apt for the undertaking. We should welcome his resonant declaration: 'We shall not wipe the pen, which we have not lightly drawn, until English has recovered all, and more than all, that she has lost.' And, to borrow the accents of Fleet Street for a moment, to reconstruct our mother tongue would be 'some start.'"

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THE TRAGICOMEDY OF POLAND

THE LONG-CONTINUED diplomatic deadlock over the relief of starving Poland presents to neutral eyes a strange spectacle of inhumanity while a whole people die daily in thousands. America's proffers of help, enforced by the President's personal letters to the rulers of belligerent countries, go unaccepted. Too much, however, need not be made by us, even of the delays of statesmen, we are reminded by the New York *Evening Post*, for "we can still help Poland by the dispatch of money through Switzerland; while a résumé of our gifts in *The Times* reminds us that they amount to far less per capita than Australasia's." The "stone wall" created by the Anglo-German contentions, so the *Evening Post* editorial shows, consists of England's refusal to let food pass unless the Central Empires consent "to give to the Poles as Poles the produce of the soil of their own country." This is regarded by Germany as "nothing less than an attempt to include the territories conquered by the Central Empires in the system for the starvation of Germany which has been proclaimed by the British Government, contrary to all international law." The Germans and their allies claim to have lent the aid that procured good crops for Poland, and insist, in the words of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, "that the inhabitants of the occupied territories have to cut their coat with us according to their cloth. We don't think of fattening them if we ourselves have to tighten our belts." In other words, continues *The Evening Post*—

POLAND.

—Cesare in the New York *Evening Post*.

"Britain insists that the Poles shall be given full rations out of the food raised in Poland, Germany that the Polish ration shall not be a gram more than that of the Germans. Britain denies the German right to limit Polish consumption in any way to increase the excess of exports to Germany, and Germany is determined that she shall calculate the share of each Pole herself and use the excess harvest."

Germany's reply to America insists that Great Britain's "unfounded and impracticable conditions" put a barrier on acceptance of the proposal and declares that "further negotiations are devoid of purpose." However, through the intense cultivation of the land affected by the Imperial Government the prospective harvest may after October 1, 1916, make relief action unnecessary. The note adds:

"The fact that the population of Poland and Lithuania will to some extent suffer until the new crop is lodged, and later on will sometimes have to put up with straitened circumstances, can therefore not be laid to the blame of the Imperial Government, but to that of Great Britain."

When England made her reply to the President's overtures, it was seen that the British Government would consent to the admission of food in the areas occupied by the armies of the Central Powers, provided the supervision of the work be done by a neutral commission appointed by President Wilson. England, according to the review of the situation presented by David Lawrence in the New York *Evening Post*, has demanded assurances that none of the food sent to Poland shall go to sustain the German or Austrian armies. "The imputation is that Germany is anxious to get large supplies of foodstuffs for the civil population of Poland so that the crops raised by the Poles can be appropriated by the German and Austrian military forces." The earlier attitude of Germany has been that Poland as a whole can not be considered by her, since some Polish territory is under Austrian occupation, and hence beyond her jurisdiction. Furthermore, Germany has declared her inability to "make the question of relief of Poland dependent on Germany and Austria relieving Servia, Montenegro, and Albania, since Germany is not in control of those countries"—a further contingent of the Entente Allies' consent. The Allied reply is voiced in these words quoted from Sir Edward Grey:

"I can not accept this disclaimer, knowing to what extent the policy of the Central Empires is controlled by the German Government, and knowing that it is, therefore, not a question of the German Government exerting its 'good offices' with the Austro-Hungarian Government, but of the two governments jointly assuming a responsibility toward the population whose territory has been invaded by their joint armies.

"Nothing short of a binding engagement of this kind, which the Central Powers are perfectly able to give, can satisfy the governments of the Allies, who, in this matter, are only asking for the same measure of joint action on the part of their enemies which they themselves have already taken in their consultation and their decision upon this question of Polish relief.

"The second point is, to my mind, of even greater importance. The German Government disclaims responsibility for the Polish territory occupied by Austria, on the ground that that territory is not within the sphere of Germany's control. The governments of the Allies regard Poland as a whole, and they can not allow the fate of its population to be parceled out between Germany and Austria, each country claiming a part of Poland in connection with their political schemes for the future, and each disclaiming responsibility for the part occupied by the other.

"Until there is agreement between the governments of the Central Empires to throw the resources of the whole country into one and to give to the Poles, as Poles, the produce of the soil of their own country, the governments of the Allies can not move. This is a question of principle, but, even were it not so, the conduct of the Austro-Hungarian Government, as it is developing at the present moment in southern Poland, would make it impossible for his Majesty's Government to leave that region out of account in the scheme of relief."

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SOME DAY—PERHAPS.

—Bradley in the Chicago *Daily News*.

None of the nations, says Mr. Lawrence, is willing to accept the responsibility for having thwarted measures of relief. "Yet the conclusion is inescapable that, while conditions are much worse in Poland than those which aroused the sympathy of the American people on Belgium's account, the belligerent governments which have raised such a hue and cry about their battle for civilization will have a great deal of explaining to do when the historians of the future dispassionately record the tragedy of Poland." He continues with an effort to show how far, in the case of Poland, the recession from the accepted standard of civilization has been the conduct of the combatants:

"There is good ground to believe that Russia has cared very little from the beginning whether or not Poland retained her entity. When the Teutons were driving the Russian armies east, the latter in their retreat not only swept away everything destructible, including crops, buildings, machinery, etc., but also destroyed all the public records of land-titles, mortgages, and legal transactions—everything that would serve to relocate the population after the war. Then came the Germans with their relentless military occupation, caring much less than the Russians what happened to the Polish people, whether they starved or their families were scattered. The tales of what happened along the road eastward from Warsaw are yet to be told. Persons perished by the hundreds of thousands; interminable lines of human bones were strewn everywhere. Even the German officers have confest in unsuspected moments that nothing so awful ever has happened in the world as what occurred in Poland. And now the few Polish men that are alive have to choose between imprisonment or work in the fields by coercion—away from their families—with never a certainty that the crops sown will feed their kinsmen or will fatten merely the thousands of Germans in the army of occupation.

"Some day, when international jurists look back on the horrible record of the European War, they will have to admit very frankly that the boasted 'civilization' of both sets of belligerents was only a mockery. For a long time civilized governments in their international tribunal sought to differentiate between the civil population and the military forces of an enemy. Therefrom arises the distinction between contraband and conditional contraband, England being among the first to proclaim the doctrine that wars must not be directed against innocent people, but only against military and naval forces. It was Lord Salisbury who stood stedfastly by this doctrine even as late as the Boer War. But in the present conflict England has swept aside all distinction between contraband and conditional contraband, simply because of the presumption that in Germany and Austria the entire civil population constituted potentially a military force. Future generations may admit that there is some equity in such a presumption, but they will hardly recognize the logic in it if the Allies, not content with erasing the long-established distinction between contraband and conditional contraband, should also reject the kindly offices of neutrals who may seek by impartial supervision to feed the men, women, and children of a civil population as distingushed from its military force."

ITALIAN CATHOLICS AND THE WAR

THE FRATRICIDAL ASPECT of the war from a religious standpoint is emphasized by an Italian writer, E. Vercesi. German Protestant contends against English Protestant, but especially German and Austrian Catholic against Catholic of France, Belgium, and Italy. Amid this conflict of men of the same faith he sees the Pope as the most pathetic figure, the difficulties of whose position are shared by the Catholic party of Italy. The writer maintains a dispassionate manner tho he does not withhold his conviction that "a virulent German campaign against Italy is on foot in the greater part of Europe and even America." On his recent visit to Spain, he records in *Le Correspondant* (Paris) his astonishment at hearing one of the most prominent statesmen and scholars of that country launch bitter accusations against Italy on account of her intervention, "treason being one of the most favorite terms of the Germanophobe vocabulary." He writes:

"The very fact that the Italian Catholics, with almost all the Italian bishops and cardinals at their head, have for nearly a year, resisted intervention, ought to be enough of a warning to our opponents, not to be too rash in their condemnation of an attitude whose main springs evidently escape their understanding. Can our foreign coreligionists imagine that our bishops will share in an act of treason? We have simply come to the conclusion that the intervention of Italy was willed by the entire nation, with the exception of that wing of the Socialistic party which, for electoral *post-bellum* purposes, vetoed the revindication of our national aspirations.

"We understand quite well that the Catholic House of Hapsburg would have been glad to see us Italian Catholics oppose the action of the Salandra cabinet. But as patriots and as Catholics, we could not see our way clear to do the sweet will of the statesmen of Vienna."

Mr. Vercesi, at the outbreak of the war, held the post of Vienna correspondent of the newspapers and periodicals controlled by the Società Editrice Romana. After passing in review the principal political events of the few months before the fatal outcome, he reminds us of the pro-Italian demonstrations at Vienna during the August days of 1914, when crowds gathered before the Italian Embassy, singing the Italian hymn, officers of the Austrian Army rising and saluting the Italian flag, and so on. Going on, he says:

"When I heard these hypocritical cries of '*Evviva l'Italia*' in the streets of the Austrian capital, I was more pained than a couple of weeks before, when I witnessed the anti-Italian manifestations, incited by Vienna, in the streets of Trieste.

"On meeting, one day, a Catholic deputy, Herr von Baechle, he asked me at what time Italy would mobilize her army. When

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I told him that we should remain neutral, he was stupefied, evidently considering even neutrality as a kind of treason. He could not understand why we Catholics should stand behind Salandra and Sonnino while the great organ of the Liberal party, the *Corriere della Sera*, openly advocated neutrality. Compare with this the manly and patriotic word of Cardinal Maffi, archbishop of Pisa: 'Yesterday discussion was yet allowed; to-morrow it may be allowed again; but to-day discussion is no longer in place; action alone counts.' And behind Cardinal Maffi stood the entire episcopate, the entire clergy. Cardinal Ferrari, archbishop of Milan, placed his seminary at the disposal of the military authorities. Cardinal Cassetta in Rome blest the weapons of the soldiers marching to the front. Cardinal Bisleti, an intimate friend of Francis Joseph, burned his Hapsburgian bridges behind him. All Catholic newspapers, all Catholic societies, helped in the patriotic movement, the organ of the Jesuits, *La Civiltà Cattolica*, leading the choir.

"Of course we had a good laugh at the Protestant Germans, who in Germany defend Luther and in Turkey Mohammed, when we saw them suddenly become the advocates of the temporal power of the Pope! Cardinal Gasparri, indeed, soon disenchanted them by assuring them that the Vatican had no ambitions whatever to triumph with the help of foreign bayonets, that the situation of the Holy See is quite different from that of the Italian Catholics who form an integral part of the Italian citizenry, and, as such, must, with courage and absolute loyalty, fulfil their duties as patriots, while the first was an international spiritual institute, bound to remain neutral. Then, as to the crocodile tears shed by the Semitic Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* over the lamentable situation of the 'Prisoner of the Vatican,' even our humblest village priests found the joke too raw.

"We pitied the Vienna *Reichspost*, former organ of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the victim of Serajevo, and the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, when we saw them return to the charge, in spite of the clear and very direct official disavowals on the part of the Vatican. They have manifestly altogether forgotten their negative attitude, on the occasion of previous Catholic congresses, where the question of the temporal power of the Pope was being debated. Suddenly the Catholic deputies, Spahn, Hertberg, and Bachem, became 'more royalist than the King,' not hesitating for a moment to sow distrust between the Holy Father and the Italian Government, and to parade, at the same time, their Teutonic patriotism.

"Of course, all these machinations only widened the gulf between Italians and Germans. Catholic Vienna and Catholic Munich could afford to stand by quietly, but the statesmen of Berlin became frightened at the outlook. With truly German clumsiness, however, they went from one extreme to the other. One fine morning, the *Kölnische Zeitung* woke up to the discovery that the Papacy had, after all, no claim whatever to any temporal power!

"The old game of Bismarck in a new edition! The great German statesman, misreading Italian and, in particular, Catholic psychology, reasoned as follows: either the Pope accepts his new position, and then we shall degrade him to the position of chief chaplain and chief almoner of the House of Savoy, or not. In the latter case we shall play out our trump-card: patriotism against religion. But Bismarck's whole *Kulturkampf* miserably failed in his own country and still less was he successful in the attempt to graft it on French and Italian soil. Catholicism and patriotism are not contradictory but identical terms. Our own deputies in Congress are Catholic deputies, not deputies of the Catholics. *Verstanden, mein Herr?*"

Mr. Vercesi recalls how on April 7, 1915, de Cesare was asked in the Italian Senate to thank officially the clergy for its ardent patriotism, and, a few days later, the Minister of Justice, Signor Orlando, spoke the memorable words: "Our clergy became mindful of the fact that they are Italians first, and we, the government and people, will not forget it." Then he proceeds to a summing up:

"The Austro-German Catholics have lost their love's labor in trying to divide the Italian people at the most critical epoch of its history. We are, more than ever, and perhaps in a more pregnant sense than the Germans themselves, '*ein einig Volk von Brüdern*" (a nation of brothers). . . . . .

"This war has separated us from our brethren in Austria and Germany, but brought us closer to those of France and Belgium, the heroic victim of Teutonic aggressiveness. Belgium's invasion was to us Italians a formidable blow, shaking to its foundations our former honest belief in the solidarity of our spiritual relationship with the Central Powers. When our German coreligionist, Deputy Spahn, the leader of the Catholic Center, not long ago, advocated in the Reichstag the annexation of Belgium to Germany, he grossly offended the conscience of the Catholics of the whole world, those of Germany and Austria, perhaps, excepted.

"More than thirty years of a loyal alliance, in spite of the persecution of our brethren in Istria, Trieste, and Dalmatia, could not authorize Austria to let loose a war to which, as she knew, we were most strenuously opposed. We do not reproach our brethren of Germany and Austria with their patriotism, altho they did not hesitate to abet the crimes of Antwerp and Reims, but at least we claim a similar privilege. Let them permit us to do our duty, and our full duty, toward our own beloved fatherland!"

ENGLISH TRENCHES THE CHURCH'S RIVALS

EVERY READER KNOWS how lavish and unsparing English criticism has been of England's military and governmental shortcomings since the beginning of the war. Now, when the "big push" in the West is on and fault-finding is changing to admiration, appear critics of the Church of England, who blame it for the decay of faith especially among those that are not called to the colors. To quote one correspondent on this topic, who expresses himself through the London *Saturday Review*, the trenches are producing more genuine religion in these days than is the pulpit. Thoughtful people have been cognizant of the waning power of preachers for many years past, he tells us further, and adds that, "speaking generally, the Church has quite failed to elevate and sustain the spirit of the nation in the greatest crisis of its existence." Nor is the reason far to seek, for "people who have been asking for bread have got a stone" and—

"They have failed to find spiritual sustenance, and are tired of the 'formulas' which, while useful, doubtless, at the time they were brought into being, are hopelessly beside the mark in the light of modern research.

"One out of many instances may be given. In a sermon a few Sundays ago the clergyman was sorrowfully bemoaning the fact that Holy Communion was neglected, and he then said: 'May it not be that God has withheld victory from us because we have turned our backs upon his holy table?' That at a time when you read of such self-sacrifice in the trenches as has rarely if ever been witnessed before. It is true that those who have a strong sentimental attachment to the Church of England do regard her present position with deep anxiety. Mr. Lovell puts his finger on one of the great reasons for the Church getting into a backwater. 'The fatal mistake,' he says, 'all along has been to confuse faith and understanding.' Jesus Christ was continually reproaching his disciples with lack of understanding; he would be reproaching us to-day with tenfold force. To merely repeat 'I believe this' or 'I believe that,' without understanding in the least what you are asked to believe, does not conduce to spiritual health.

"The truth is, a restatement of religious beliefs is necessary if the Church is to free itself from dry-rot. The war may be the means of bringing this about. The life of Christ must be studied more rationally and true interpretations put upon his sayings. It is no use for the bishops to meet and decline to act. Whether in Bible or prayer-book, or in creeds and formularies, that which is not true must be rooted out. The teaching of Christ supplies all that the world wants, and one of the chiefest of his sayings, giving hope to all, was that in which he said that the Kingdom of God was within the individual. Space will not allow one to enlarge on this, but it may be said that we must again 'become as little children,' *i.e.*, having our minds freed from all the confusion about 'faith,' and start fresh with much more simplicity and with a determination to let the God that is within us dominate and mold our lives."

The writer then cites the Kikuyu controversy as the "sort of thing that is weakening the Church," and tells us that one's mind travels from it to the hero who threw himself upon a bomb he had dropt, and was blown to atoms to save his comrades. The Kingdom of God was within this man, we are told, and the general conclusion is that a "better interpretation of religion is coming from the trenches than from the pulpit."

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CURRENT - POETRY

HERE is a poem which shows how a prosaic theme may be successfully handled in verse. We take it from the July issue of the Philadephia *Contemporary Verse:*

THE FREIGHT-YARDS

BY PHŒBE HOFFMAN

In the long spring evening's twilight, when the sun is setting low,
And the smoke from all the engines flushes up, a rosy glow,
Then I come up to the bridgehead, watch the lights and network rails,
Think of when I rode the freighters—engines spouting steam like whales,
D. L. W., Jersey Central, old *Rock Island, Pere Marquette,*
Reading coal-cars down from Scranton, piled with anthracite like jet;
N. & W., the *Great Northern, Lehigh Valley, B. & O.,*
Like a giant earthworm twisting, slowly round the curve they flow,
Caravans of freight move westward, bearing Eastern goods away.
To come back with hogs and cattle, bales of sweet Kentucky hay,
Brakemen walk along the roof-tops lingering for a moment's chat;
There an engineer, while smoking, long and eloquently spat.

Wandering life and care-free rovers, seasoned in adventure bold,
In the old caboose at night-time many a thrilling tale is told,
But on duty in the winter, when there's hail, and ice, and snow,
And the rails and roofs are ice-cased, and you slip each step you go,
Or the melting, boiling summer, when the blisters lump the paint,
And the fierce sun strikes directly, and you feel you're like to faint,
That's the time you curse the life out, striking for a rise in pay,
Say a dog has better living, but you can't quite get away,
For the rugged freedom holds you, spite of freezing cold and sweat,
And the grating, grinding thunder of the freights you can't forget.
L. & N., D., L. & W., Erie, Reading, P. R.R.,
Riding on your sliding roof-tops, that's where joy and freedom are!

From the Boston *Poetry Journal* we cull this quaint conceit:

MANHATTAN

BY CLARKE F. HUNN

They have heaped Woolworth upon Singer Tower
And bade you bear them.
The gripping claws of their great caissons
Bite deep to the bone.
They have laced your flesh with sewers and subways.
And all, with one deft twisting of your long body,
You might confound.
Why do you lie there so complacent, O Manhattan?
Are you so dull of sense?
Or are you, perchance,
Lulled into slumber
By the soft tickling
Of our
Ten million little feet?

The music and color of Mr. Maynard's muse, equaled only by his simplicity, were never better exemplified than in these lines, which appeared in the London *New Witness,* a review remarkable for the excellence of its verse:

THE RETURN

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

Beyond these hills where sinks the sun in amber,
Imperial in purple, gold, and blood,
I keep the garden-walks where roses clamber,
Set in still rows with shrub and flower and bud.

After the clash of all the swords that sunder,
After the headstrong pride of youth that fails,
After the shattered heavens and the thunder
Remain the summer woods and nightingales!

So when the fever has died down that urges
My lips to utterance of whirling words,
Which, blown among the winds and stormy surges,
Skim the wild sea-waves like the wild sea-birds,

So, when has ceased the tumult and the riot,
A man may rest his soul a little space,
And seek your solitary eyes in quiet,
And all the gracious calmness of your face.

In the August issue of *The Century Magazine,* we find this singularly vivid bit of word-painting:

DELIVERANCE

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Set in September's oven the city bakes,
Spilling its frowzy odors on the air.
She stands in silence, and her brooding stare
Goes farther than the push-cart's speckled cakes.
The little mat of shadow that she makes
Sketches a pattern on the pavement there.
"To play," they said, "in gardens green and fair."
She visions with intensity that aches.
Yet they shall come for her. Down her dull street,
Awake, aware at last, they come, they speed,
Eager, aroused, on beautiful, swift feet,
And in her day and season she shall see
Through the vast lump of ignorance and greed
A little leaven working mightily.

How deeply the fire of war scars the soul is shown by these verses sent to the London *Times* directly from the front by a Scots poet and preacher, now a chaplain to the forces:

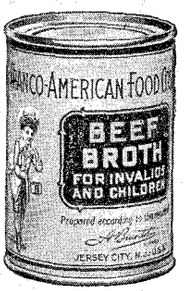
THE REAPERS

BY LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT

Red are the hands of the Reapers,
And the harvest is so white!
Red are the feet that are treading
The threshing-floors by night:
And, on the young brows, dripping
As with the dews of morn,
Deep rose-red are the woundings,
Like scars of a crown of thorn.

Tired, so many, with reaping—
Tired with treading the grain,
Still they lie, in their sleeping,
Low in the Valley of Pain—
Never again to be quaffing
The joy of life, like wine;
Never again to be laughing
In Youth's glad hour divine.

Birds shall sing in the branches,
Children dance by the shore;
But they who shared the red reaping
Shall come back nevermore.
Let whoso can forget them,
Walking life's noisy ways;
We who have looked on the Reapers
Go quietly, all our days.



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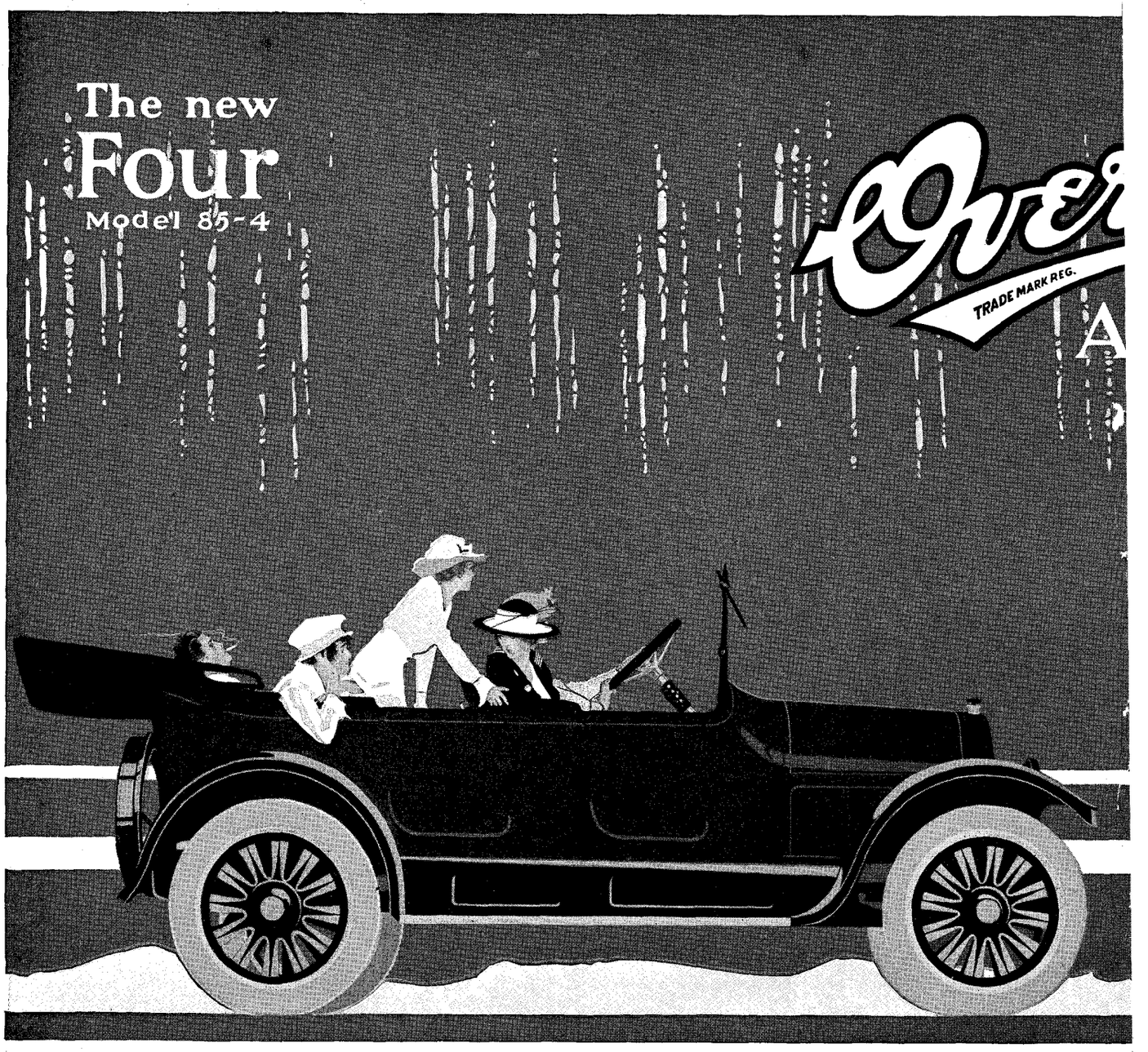

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35 horsepower en bloc motor
112-inch wheelbase
32 x 4 inch tires
Cantilever rear springs
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Vacuum tank fuel feed
Gasoline tank in rear with gauge
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These two latest Overland developments again emphasize the enormous economy of enormous production.

No one has ever before made 1,000 a day of cars of this size and class—nor half that many.

1,000 cars a day enable us to use materials of a much higher quality and not only permit but actually enforce an accuracy of workmanship which smaller productions of cars in the same price range *neither permit nor require.*

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This newest Overland is the largest Four ever offered for so low a price.

In the first place, note the longer wheelbase—112 inches.

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True—it is perfected even more and now it is a fitting climax of the experience obtained from a quarter of a million of these Overland mo in daily use.

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All electric switches are the steering column—r within reach.

The Willys-Overlan

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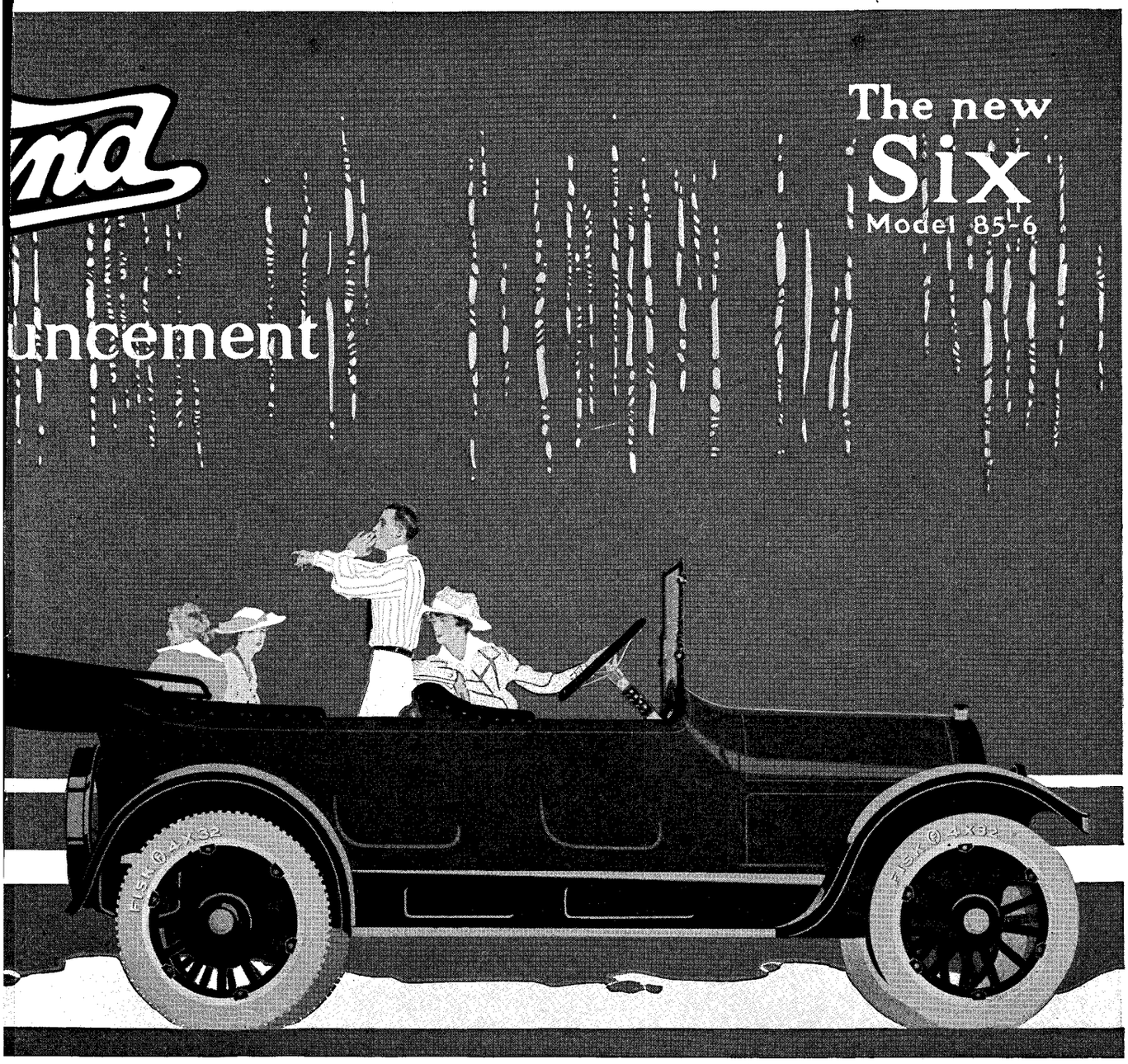

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Its smart body design is long and low—having lines of artistic simplicity.

And the motor! This will warm the heart of every Six cylinder enthusiast in the country.

You've heard all about fast getaways—smoothness—crawling and climbing on high. This Six does all that and then some!

The wheelbase is 116 inches. It has cantilever springs and even-flow vacuum system with the gas tank in rear.

The tires are four inch. It has the complete Auto-Lite electric starting and lighting equipment with all switches on the steering column.

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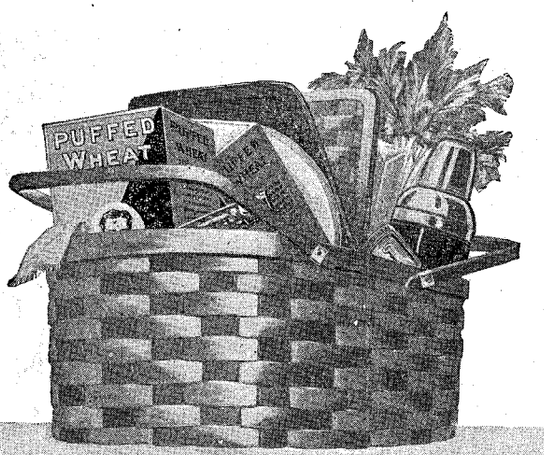

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Great bubbles of grain—eight times normal size—toasted, thin, flaky and crisp.

Whole grains, not mere flour foods. All the minerals, all the gluten in them.

Every food cell steam-exploded. Every granule easily digests. Every atom feeds.

And each of the Puffed Grains—three in all—gives a different-tasting dish.

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You serve Puffed Grains for breakfast—with cream and sugar or mixed with fruit. And you call them breakfast dainties.

They are more than that. Puffing makes whole grains wholly digestible. Every food cell is exploded. Digestion is both easy and complete.

Nothing is so fitted for between-meal food. Let hungry children eat them dry, or douse with melted butter. With their nut-like taste and their fragile texture they are like confections.

They mean less candy, less pop corn, less cookies.

Puffed Wheat *Except in Far West* **12c**
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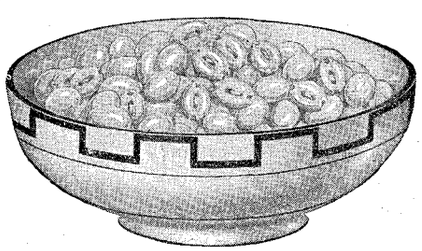
Prof. A. P. Anderson, the food expert, invented this method for cooking grain. The process is long and difficult. The grains must be shot from guns. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

This is not done to make the foods delightful, but to make them hygienic. It is done to break up all the food cells, while baking breaks less than half.

The results are most enticing. So there is every reason why these great grains should be often served in puffed form.

Keep them all on hand. Some like one best, some another. And all like to change about.



The Quaker Oats Company
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(1366)

Clinton Scollard is one of the few American poets sufficiently patriotic to use his talent frequently in praise of his country. It is, therefore, fitting that his should be the voice raised in eulogy of the author of "The American Flag." The solemn beauty of these stanzas, which we take from the New York *Sun*, shows that Mr. Scollard's power over words is by no means growing less.

AT THE GRAVE OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

By Clinton Scollard

Now is the flood of summer at its height,
And tho the fragrant rose
Crimsons within the garth, and on the sward
Daisies are pied, and still the kingcup glows,
And the thrush-note is a divine delight,
Muse, strike no golden chord!

Rather be thy strain pensive! I, to-day,
Have lingered where he lies
Who hymned our banner's stars a century gone;
Who viewed wood secrets with anointed eyes,
And sang the story of the "Culprit Fay"
In measures clear as dawn.

The plaintive voices of the ebbing tide
Spoke softly to the reeds,
Where, wrapt in dream, the marshes spread around;
And there were stretches of fair amber meads,
And seen between tree arches, green and wide,
The shimmer of the Sound.

And there were low leaf murmurs, but the sense
That firmest held in thrall
Was that of desolation, of lost years,
Of time departed far beyond recall;
The place was girdled with the imminence
Of pathos and of tears!

Tears for the poet, dead so long ago,
The poet dead so young!
I saw the clutching tentacles of the town
Oncreeping to the grave whereon was hung
One drooping flag, dimmed by the rain and snow,
As crown for his renown.

One drooping flag! Gladly we garland those
Heroes who led and bled
For our beloved land, to right her wrongs;
What, in the future, shall of us be said
If we forget, yea, scorn the long repose
Of those who sing her songs?

This poem forms one of a group of lyrics appearing in the July issue of *The Yale Review* under the title "Songs in a Hospital":

OPEN WINDOWS

By Sara Teasdale

Out of the window a sea of green trees
Lift their soft boughs like arms of a dancer;
They beckon and call me, "Come out in the sun!"
But I can not answer.

I am alone with Weakness and Pain,
Sick abed and June is going,
I can not keep her, she hurries by
With the silver-green of her garments blowing.

Men and women pass in the street
Glad of the shining sapphire weather,
But we know more of it than they,
Pain and I together.

They are the runners in the sun,
Breathless and blinded by the race,
But we are watchers in the shade
Who speak with Wonder face to face.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

SENTIMENT AND "MATTY"

"THERE is no sentiment in baseball," avers the fat bleacherite to his wife as they sit through the fifth inning on a warm Saturday afternoon. And as he says it, he thinks it is so—he thinks there is no sentiment in the national game. He recalls the celebrated saying of Walter Johnson two seasons ago when it was rumored that he would "jump" to the Federal League. Johnson remarked that he was after the money, and that he would play for whoever paid him the most. At least that is the way the papers reported it, and the public has never believed in sentiment since—as far as baseball went.

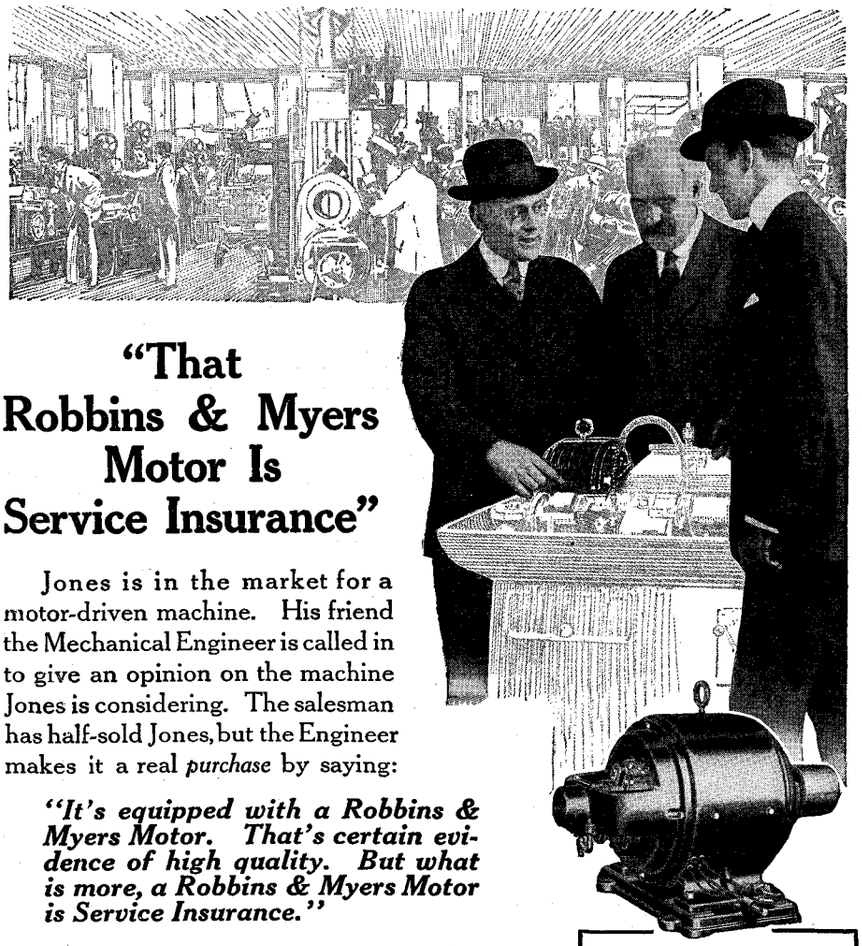
But suppose the skeptic has been following the events attending the farewell of Christy Mathewson to the New York Nationals, before the pitcher transferred his activities (and perhaps his popularity) to Cincinnati. The fan will get a very different view of the baseball world. As a celebrated character once said: "Feelin's is feelin's, no matter who has 'em!" And when the Old Master left his team, everybody "had 'em." A writer for the New York *Evening World* gives a sympathetic account of the occasion when the veteran came to clean out his locker at the Polo Grounds—the first time it had been emptied in sixteen years. He tells us with graphic detail:

A long, low-hung car pulled up at the club-house as the rain spattered down on a sign proclaiming, "No Game To-Day." A big-shouldered, blue-eyed fellow climbed from under the wheel and slowly made his way up the steps to the intimate home of the Giants. Nobody stopt him, tho he did not belong to the New York club. In the corner of the club-house—the new club-house—there was a locker that had performed its duty for more than a decade. Club-houses had changed several times, but not the locker. The little iron grating was fastened exactly as it was fastened on that day when the Giants licked the Athletics and won the world's championship back in 1905.

The big fellow, mopping his blond brow, fitted a key to the lock and began dragging forth things that had not been touched for many years. Idling around on the benches several pink-skinned athletes watched the rifling of the locker in oppressive silence. Over in a corner a plain pine table had been rigged up for *vingt-et-un* and a deck of cards was carelessly scattered over it. Three or four of the muscular fellows, clad in little more than a breech-clout, sat down to have a try at the game. The big fellow turned from his demolition of the locker to watch them.

"Say, Matty," one of them yelled, "don't forget that checker-board, and, mind you, there is a tab there, on the shelf, showing how much the gang has won or lost during the last two months."

The blue-eyed athlete located the sheet of paper and walked over to the table. He



"That Robbins & Myers Motor Is Service Insurance"

Jones is in the market for a motor-driven machine. His friend the Mechanical Engineer is called in to give an opinion on the machine Jones is considering. The salesman has half-sold Jones, but the Engineer makes it a real *purchase* by saying:

"It's equipped with a Robbins & Myers Motor. That's certain evidence of high quality. But what is more, a Robbins & Myers Motor is Service Insurance."

And service insurance is a very real consideration to the manufacturer where the success of his product is a matter of dependable motive power.

Lost motion means lost time, lost output, lost dollars. If the product is a motor-driven appliance, any short-coming on the part of the motor will offset a host of quality features which the machine may have. That is why makers of quality machines for home, office, store and factory are using Robbins & Myers Motors on their product.

Safe Motor Buying

So it all comes back to the important question: Is the motor right? It is this question which thousands of power users and makers of motor driven machines have answered to their complete satisfaction by specifying Robbins & Myers Motors. For they know that this name has been the sign of Motor Service Insurance for over twenty years. It is a name found on quality motors of all sizes, from 1-40 to 25 horse power, for operation on all commercial direct and alternating circuits.

Helpful Facts for You

Manufacturers of motor-driven machines—Let our engineers co-operate in solving your motor problems and submit sample motors which you can test on your machines. No obligation involved.

Motor users—Write for data on motors to suit your particular needs.

Dealers—Write for bulletins, prices and discounts. Let us help you close large sales.

R&M

Look for the Name

When buying an electrically driven machine of any kind—from a vacuum cleaner to a punch press—look for the name Robbins & Myers on the motor. It means that the machine is good all through, for the manufacturer who uses the best motor on his machine will make his machine throughout as good as the motor. You will find that the leading electric-driven machines for every service are Robbins & Myers Motor-equipped.

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For Fords

Less Carbon—Less Heat

Every make of automobile has its operating problems. Among Ford owners two such problems are: Carbon troubles and Overheating.

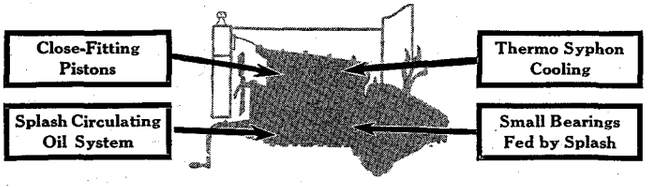
Of course every petroleum-base lubricant in burning must leave a carbon residue.

But carbon residues are of three kinds.

The first—which "cakes" hard on spark-plugs, piston-heads and valves—is the most troublesome.

The second—also troublesome—is an adhesive, sticky or "gummy" carbon, which causes piston rings to stick in their recesses with resultant loss of power and also interferes with valve action.

The third variety of carbon residue forms in a light, dry ash. This light ash is expelled through the exhaust by the natural action of the engine.



The high standing of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" among Ford owners is due to two things:

(1) Its light carbon ash.

In *body* Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is scientifically correct for the Ford piston clearance.

If the oil-level is correct, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" does not work past the piston rings into the combustion chambers in excess quantities. Thus troublesome carbon deposit, so common on incorrectly lubricated Ford cars, is avoided. The slight carbon residue from Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is *a light, dry ash.* It expels naturally through the exhaust.

(2) Its *quality* enables Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" to withstand the high heat in the Ford combustion chambers.

The correctness of the *body* assures complete distribution through the Splash Circulating Lubricating System of Ford cars. Complete protection to all moving parts results. Friction-heat is reduced to a minimum.

Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" avoid trouble from overheated motors in summer.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"—An 80c Demonstration

It will cost you less than 80c to fill your Ford crank-case to the proper oil-level with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." And that trial amount will demonstrate its benefits in the way of—

(1) Lower cost per mile for oil
(2) Lower cost per mile for gasoline
(3) No troublesome carbon
(4) Lessened tendency to overheating
(5) Full power—particularly on the hills

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

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Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches: Detroit, Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Kan.

had been the club bookkeeper and mathematician since a lad.

"Come, now, fellows," he said, "and kick in. I'm leaving and this thing's got to be straightened out."

One at a time the debtors were cornered and settled.

"And say, Matty," another yelled "don't forget that Larry and Poll owe a dollar on that last checker-game."

Another dollar or two was turned over to the big pitcher.

"I guess there isn't much more use for these towels," he said, spreading them out on the table. "I'll stake you to this one Fred, and I guess Fletch will grab the other one."

"All right," yelled Larry. "Get that locker straightened out and sit in with us for a few minutes. We'd like to have you lose one time before you go."

In a few minutes the locker was stripped and the steel-grated door swung idly on its hinges with a key stuck in the lock.

The man who had used it for years stood there, scanning a slip of paper that evidently had been lost in the dust of time. On it he made out this memorandum: "Mertes, .25; Bowerman, .60; Tenney, .50; Wilson, .50; Wiltse, 1.25; Ames, .75."

"An old twenty-one score," he mumbled, and there came the trace of a tear in the big blue eyes.

Evidently he regarded it settled, for he started to tear it up, and then, on second thought, carefully brushed off the little slip and placed it in a card-case.

"Are you in?" an impatient athlete shouted from the *vingt-et-un* table. "Come on and take a hand. There's no ball-game to-day. Never mind about that new club of yours."

Just then the blue-eyed fellow dug up from the bottom of the locker a kodak-print of a party of old-timers. In the middle he stood, flanked by Arthur Devlin and Bill Dahlen. That he also tucked in the big card-case.

"Are you coming or not?" the athlete demanded from the table. "We are starting the deal."

More tear-drops trickled down the cheeks of the big athlete. He edged over to the *vingt-et-un* table.

"Larry," he said, in a half-broken voice, "I don't know whether I want to become the manager of another club or not. This is the only locker I ever had in my life. Deal me in the game!"

The cards were slowly dealt.

"Larry," said the big fellow, without studying his hand, "the only 'run-in' we ever had was when you accused me of saying you had been drinking a bottle of beer. Remember, you cracked it at me in an exhibition game down at Norfolk? I'm sorry that you thought that."

"Forget it,' counseled Larry, "old boy," and he slapped him on the back, "we are with you, hook, line, and sinker."

The game broke up without a hand having been played, and as the big fellow bundled up his things and trundled over to the club-house of the visitors there were tear-dimmed eyes.

Matty's locker was empty.

It was empty for the first time in sixteen years!

And then Ring Lardner wrote a neat obituary of the great pitcher, not that he didn't know it was a bit premature, but

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the eyes of a baseball fan to go to anage the Cincinnati Club is the same as assing over the well-known underworld ream, the Styx. Consequently, to the ever writer of bush-league stories, Matty as to be given up as beyond hope. So e framed it all up this way:

Chicago, July 22.—The baseball world as shocked Friday by the news that hristy Mathewson, one of the game's reatest exponents, had signed to manage he Cincinnati Reds at the age of 37 ears, the very prime of life. Mathewson s the seventh prominent baseballist to uccumb to this disease in a space of twelve ears.

It is the opinion of prominent physiians that "Matty," as he was fondly nown, hastened his own end by taking p golf, which undermines the intellect, nd thereby the general health. Those who were closest to him say that he has ever been the same since he first sliced ff the tee.

There is no argument for prohibition in he case of the deceased. He was always bstemious. He took the best possible are of himself. Before bitten by the golf acillus, his favorite amusements were hess, checkers, poker, and auction bridge, t all of which athletic sports he excelled. He smoked, but never to excess. He usually retired before midnight and was careful as to his victuals.

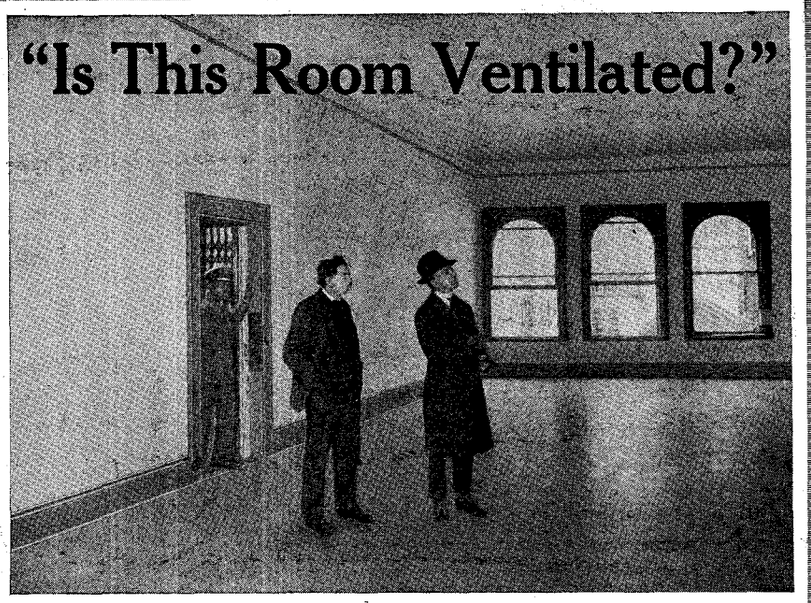
Christopher Mathewson was born in New York State or somewhere in or about 879. He received a common-school education and then entered Bucknell College, where he took a P. P. D. degree—doctor of pitching and punting. He pitched more or less professional ball down in Virginia for a time and his work attracted the attention of major-league scouts and a scout from Cincinnati. Cincinnati acquired him and the directors of the club, taking a hand, traded him to New York for Amos Rusie, which was a regular Cincinnati trade, as Rusie was through.

One of Matty's first managers in New York was Horace Fogel, who saw at a glance that he could never be a successful pitcher and tried to make a first baseman out of him. Unfortunately for many a National League batsman, Horace's career as manager was brief, brevity being the soul of wit. The next manager of the Giants got a crazy notion in his head that Matty might be able, with careful handling, to become an average pitcher. This manager's judgment was proved pretty fair, for Matty, with the aid of great support, pitched his team to victory in quite a few games for a matter of 16 years. Perhaps his greatest achievement was his three shut-out victories over the Athletics in the world's series in 1905. If he had been pitching against this year's Athletics he could have done it left-handed, but it was some trick in those days.

Mathewson had been spending recent winters in California and the climate must have gone to his head.

He leaves a wife and one son, Christopher, Jr.

My eyes are very misty
As I pen these lines to Christy,
Oh, my heart is full of heaviness to-day.
May the flowers ne'er wither, Matty,
On your grave at Cincinnati,
Which you've chosen for your final fadeaway.



Ask This Question *Before* You Rent

No particular person will rent an office that doesn't have good light and plumbing. Why stop here? Why not go the *full distance* and make sure that the very air you breathe gives *life, health, ambition*—the joyous snap and "pep" of a bright May morning after a Spring shower—instead of ills, ailments, colds and headaches? A positive mechanical system of fan heating and ventilating like the

Sturtevant
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Ventilating, Heating and Air-Washing System

is worth *real money*. Cuts down excess sick-leave; energizes workers; increases the happiness and efficiency of the whole office.

The office building that never has to display the "For Rent" sign is the one that guarantees to its tenants a steady stream of pure, fresh air—cooled in Summer and warmed in Winter. Air may even be washed by water spray.

Join the great army of renters who demand that the four walls within which they work or live be flooded with wholesome, life-giving air. You can get such offices. You can get such apartments. Once you live or work in one, you will give preference to the *ventilated building* every time.

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The Sturtevant System is the fan or blower system of heating, cooling and ventilating in its perfect form. If you want immediate information, be sure to give floor space, number of workers, kind of power, peculiar "problems" or conditions, etc.

B. F. Sturtevant Co., Dept. 88, Hyde Park, Boston, Mass.
And all Principal Cities of the World
Largest manufacturers of Fans and Heating and Ventilating Apparatus in the World

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Whenever a big laugh goes up on Broadway —you can take it home with you. As soon as Al Jolson makes a hit (or Bert Williams, Frank Tinney or Weber & Fields) there's a Columbia Record of it—by the artist *himself*—out *that* quick!

COLUMBIA DOUBLE-DISC RECORDS

are the richest source of genuine fun you are likely to find anywhere. If it's *Columbia*, it's bound to be *good*. Columbia Records are *winners* in fun, just as they are in music. Try *any* new Columbia Record—ask your dealer to play some *today*.

New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month.

The responsible families of America have *White Rock* water on their tables

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN THE FRENCH ARMY

THE girl whose letters are in part reprinted here was not a Red Cross nurse with the French Army, but a regularly enlisted soldier, holding her commission from the quartermaster-general and enjoying the rank of lieutenant. She was born in America and, at the opening of the war, was studying painting in Paris. At the beginning of hostilities she threw herself into the war-life, taking the Red Cross training. As the months went on and the wounded began to come back to Paris to recover, she advanced step by step in the hospital work, until she at last became a member of the regular army. As a soldier she is known as "Mlle. Miss."

It was during the terrible fall and winter days of 1915, when the mangled and dying were brought back from the front by carloads that she wrote the series of letters to her family in America. She had little or no thought that they would be published, but a number of them appear in a recent number of *The Methodist Review*, and show with the unconscious art of simple statements what this one girl experienced. The first of the series was written early in December of last year. What a picture of the hospital we get as we read:

Among the countless incidents I might tell you there is one I think you will find especially interesting. It is a leg—No. 19, the oldest inhabitant. He was in the *salle* before I arrived, and the only one of the thirty-three whom I had never dressed. It was not because he was more serious, because I had much graver cases, but the doctors in the *Salle d'Opération* were interested in his particular fracture, and he kept on going day by day. (Poor fellow, how many changes of comrades he has had!) Occasionally, when I had time, I went with him for his *pansement*—of course I always go for operations—but I never could see that he made any improvement; and one day they put him in plaster. From that day the calf began to swell until you would have thought he had elephantiasis, and a little over a week ago the surgeon told him he would have to amputate the following morning. I shall never forget the look in the poor fellow's face—to suffer so long and for nothing! Besides, he is thirty-six, and at that age one's nerve is less buoyant. . . . . .

Before I realized it I was asking for twenty-four hours' grace to try a special treatment. It was granted. The treatment was simple enough. Hot *lavages* of *eau iodée* and huge hot envelopments of *eau borignée* every three hours. I used liters of *eau borignée*, to the despair of the *pharmacien*, and I know every one thought I was "touched," for I already had so much more than I could do, and this was no mean supplement. At the end of the twenty-four hours when the surgeon made his rounds—"In fact, that is curious; that is no worse," and he gave me twenty-four hours more. By that time those dear little abscesses had begun to run. "That is doing well, *mademoiselle*. Continue." The next—"Continue," and the next—"My

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old man"—to the poor fellow—"you are in luck. *Mademoiselle* has succeeded; you will keep your leg."

I hardly dared believe it, but it has been confirmed by the *médecin-en-chef*, so it seems sure. Now, another difficulty arises. You see it's my leg. How to arrange we don't quite know. We discuss the matter every day!

This was the genial spirit in which the life of the hospital could best be approached, and yet, behind it all, there were a depth of sympathy and a serious solicitude for sufferers that each of them instinctively felt. This was the maternal spirit, which the shaggy *poilus* felt so keenly, because, when a man is sick, or tired, or melancholy, he comes closest to being externally the little child he always is at heart. "Mlle. Miss" shows the spirit in a letter written a few days after Christmas:

December 27, 1915.

It was over a month ago, when the stress of death and quick changes were at their height, that for once in my life I had a flash of forethought for Christmas; and when the Government offered me six days' leave of absence, to which we are entitled at this time, I refused it instantly. Mothers who love their children don't go off and leave them with empty stockings then, and the *poilu*, more than any other creature in the world, I believe, does love to be diverted.

I happened to tell my scheme to the young chemist who assists in the operating-room. As he is enthusiastic to advance me in every way, from carrying *blessés* to providing me with chocolates, which quickly disappear down thirty-three throats (to his great disappointment), he said it was a great idea, but too much for me alone, and he suggested interesting his mother and her Paris friends. A tremendous lift, as I didn't hold a lone hand. Then there is a dear bonnie *vieille* who plays the rôle of fairy godmother to my *salle*. For a long time I never knew who she was, or where she came from; but twice a week, just at soup-time, in would trot the dear, quaint creature all tied up in a woolen fichu and laden with a huge basket filled for the whole family. Sometimes it held baked apples all sticky with jelly, sometimes a thick, savory potage steaming hot, sometimes tarts or ripe pears—always a digestible inspiration. She'd slip in, set the basket on the table, and slip out before I had time to thank her. Later I found it was Mme. Nébout, who keeps the tiny *mercerie* in the Rue de Frignicourt, and I am almost sorry to place her, she was so like a figure out of Hans Andersen. One day I caught her on the fly to ask if she could help me order a tree. The keen, wrinkled eyes just danced. Not only she'd help me, but she knew a *horticulteur* who'd give me one if she said so, and she'd give me all the ribbons, and some handkerchiefs, and there was a confectioner who had bonbons to spare. So immediately I took heart and saw my little *fête* taking stately proportions. A little thinking at night after I had cuddled under my eider-down, and three pilgrimages to town, of an hour and a half each, three days before Christmas, did the rest, and Christmas eve you couldn't have found a prettier tree in the whole Republic than lifted its

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PEARLS
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INTELLIGENT AND CAREFUL
SERVICE BY MAIL

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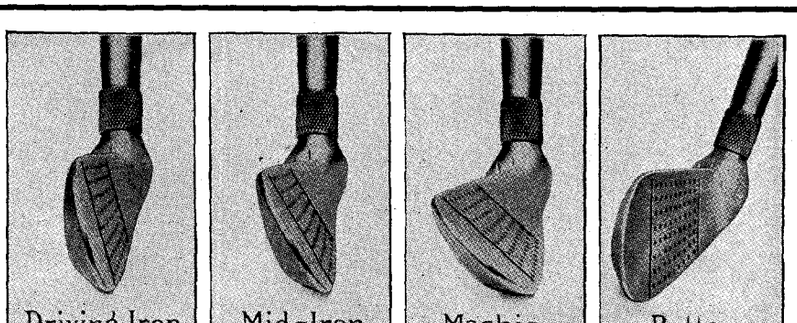

The "All-One" Adjustable Iron

Simplify your game. Play better golf. Familiarity means certainty. With the "All-One" Club you get three to five times the practice which you now get with any one Club—and practice makes perfect.

The "All-One" Iron is instantly adjustable to the three face angles shown above. (Driving Iron and Putter adjustments the same.) One turn of locking collar releases head; another turn locks head in desired position. It is firm and tight; will not rattle. In every position it is as fine and true a Club as you ever swung.

Every shot in the game can be played with the "All-One" Club. Use it exclusively or only on the fair green. Either way you will play better golf. A handy Club for guests, for traveling or when caddies can't be had.

"More Clubs Make More Difficulties"—says Chick Evans. Reduce your difficulties and improve your game with the "All-One." Price $6. Shipped prepaid in the U. S. upon receipt of price by

GOODRICH SALES CO., 5 South Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

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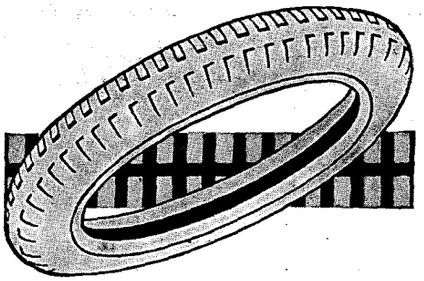

Including the Emergency

THE emergency in which a safety tread on a tire is a matter of life or death is not the rule—it's the exception. Steep hills with railroad crossings at the foot aren't any commoner than unsuspected holes in the pavement.

Consider only the routine—the everyday demands on your tires.

BATAVIA SECURITY TIRES

prove themselves worthy under the stress of daily conditions—*including* the emergency because their wearability makes them consistently give greater mileage than their guarantee demands. Long wear—and speed—that's the Batavia.

Ask to see Batavia Gray Tubes

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Is your car tired —or are you?

Try BATAVIAS

THE BATAVIA RUBBER CO.
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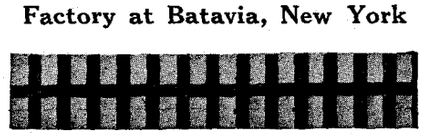

glimmering branches toward the rafters of Pavilion V.

December 29, 1915.

Mme. B., my young friend's mother, sent me a portly case with many bonbons, cigarets, twenty pipes, and biscuits in confusion; my good dames who house me so cheerfully tucked ten francs under my plate, and I myself stretched several points, "for Christmas comes but once a year." So that at half-past six on Christmas eve, when the *médecin-en-chef* came, very nervous, to preside over the lighting of those precarious candles—permission for which I had planned and pleaded so ardently—he saw a quite enchanting sight. All the fourteen windows of the *salle* garlanded with ivy, for which a faithful *infirmier* had ferreted in the neglected environs of Vitry; all my twenty-nine *blessés*—the family is lacking four — propt up on their pillows in anticipation, and in the midst our tree, all aglitter with bright globes and dozens of candles, pinned on with many prayers that they would not make mischief, and bent under the weight of my tiny gifts—attached with tricolor. At the top a tinsel star, constructed by me and an able-handed *blessé*, with the tricolor at the topmost point—*au dessus des étoiles*, mark you!—and little silk flags of all the Allies below, with a microscopic Stars and Stripes.

All this was surprize and excitement enough, but no one was prepared for the *grand coup* that was to follow.

After the tree was lighted I flew off to the *Salle de Pansements* with "*Grandpère*" and a few minutes later out stept as perfect a *Père Noël* as ever walked through the pages of a story-book—a French *Père Noël*, no Santa Claus. A blue-gray cape—mine, but don't tell—covered him from top to toe, and on the long, white beard and peaked hood the fresh snow glittered cheerily—a combination of mica, boracic acid, and *coton cardé*—not at all banal; in his hand a knotted cane and classic lantern, feet tucked in deep, turned-up sabots, and on his back a basket with oranges for the whole hospital.

You should have seen the joy and astonishment that accompanied his triumphal progress from pavilion to pavilion, several of us following to distribute the goodies!

Once, when we went into a *Salle d'Isolement* where a poor fellow was languishing in the last stage of septic poisoning, there happened something strange and infinitely touching. He must have taken the apparition for something heavenly, for first a dazed look came over his face, then a marvelous smile, and he stretched out his arms. I bent down and whispered a Christmas message and put an orange in his hand. It was his last consciousness.

"*Grandpère*" acquitted himself masterfully, made enchanting little discourses as if he had been a real actor instead of a simple peasant from the Oise, and the *médecin-en-chef*, who at first had been dubious of the undertaking, was enchanted.

When the distribution was over I filled the arms of *Père Noël* with red roses (ordered from Troyes) to distribute among the *infirmières*, and he made an effect in *bleu, blanc, rouge*—blue mantle, white beard, red roses!—altogether delightful. After that he gave each of the doctors a little box daintily engraved with a wreath of flags and filled with dates I had stuffed at midnight. And then I began the distribution in my *salle*. Each *blessé* had a "*pochette de la victoire*," four sheets of writing-paper, four envelops, and an ink-pencil tied with tricolor, a tiny mirror (they love to look at themselves), a tiny comb in a case, a bright package of bonbons, and a package of cigarets. Tiny things, but all I could afford, and you would have thought Paradise had opened for them.

There were fountain pens for my three *infirmières*, and Christmas day I made Russian tea with a "big stick" in it, and there were lots of cakes. Thus passed Christmas of 1915, and to think I didn't have to endure even the least pang of uneasiness for any one!

She not only sent home letters detailing her actual hospital experiences, but little pictures and sketches, photographs of war-scenes, the intimate ones which rarely get into the public press, and with them all her own curious little notes on events. They read like a running commentary. For instance, this story was written on the back of a picture of "Mademoiselle Miss" standing by the bedside of a wounded black man:

We called him "*La Blanchette.*" He was a good Catholic and a brave fighter and he'd come from the sunny shores of Guadeloupe to die for France. When they amputated they didn't look to see that there was a ball in the back, and it was that that killed him. I found it out when I took Pavilion V, but then it was too late. Every day the fever mounted higher and every day the black cheeks grew thinner, but he always kept saying, "*Ça va bien,*" in sweet, caressing tones that recalled early lullabies; never a murmur, always a smile. The last day our faithful priest confest him—he knew just enough French for that—and it was moonlight when he went, one of us kneeling either side. After the extreme unction he prest my hand and suddenly a marvelous change passed over his face, as if it had grown white and luminous. "*Maman,*" he murmured, "Louis," then fainter and sweeter, "*O mon bon Dieu,*" and it was over and nothing remained but a radiating smile. I went to lay him away among the heroes, and if ever I doubted how to die my black pearl-fisher from Guadeloupe has shown me the way.

What a pity French deceptions about propriety forbid my accepting the invitation of the captain of the St. John's ambulance (stationed here temporarily) to motor to Reims! He's a charming captain and his cars have brought us many wounded. I nursed one of his chauffeurs who had a sharp attack, and out of gratitude, I suppose, he asked me to come to tea in the château where they are lodged. I explained to him that we weren't in either of our countries, and that it would never do in the world. Moreover, I never had the time to go anywhere. Later, however—it was during those days when I had almost nothing to do except clean shelves and get ready "to receive"—he asked me to go motoring toward the front through the devastated district. That appealed powerfully—not surprizing, is it, when you think I haven't had two hours off duty since the 24th of last September? I asked the *médecin-en-chef* if I might go. He was evidently very sorry to refuse me, but he explained that there had been so many *histoires* connected with officers and

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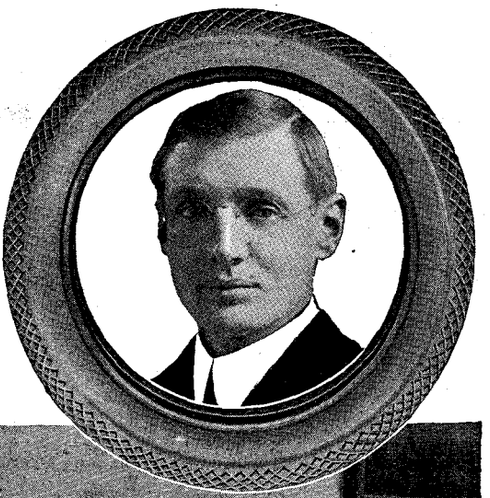
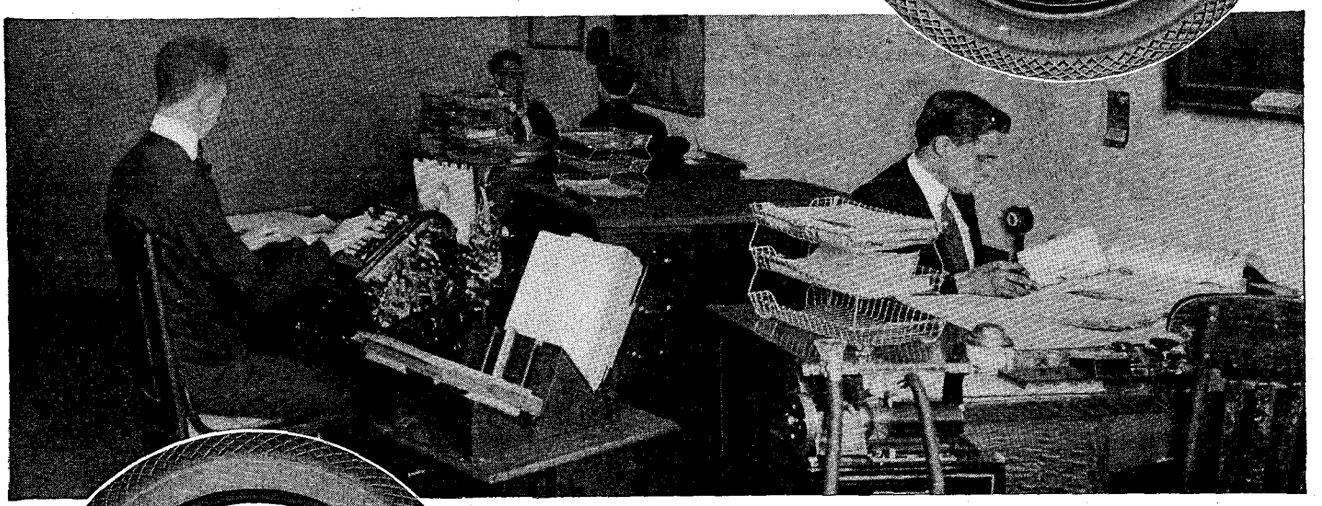
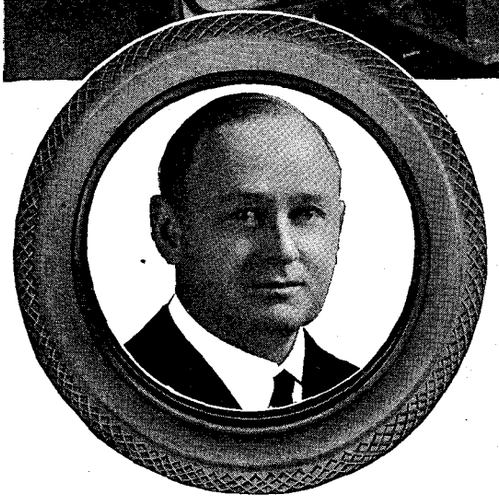
Getting Ahead of Overhead







Burroughs Direct-to-Ledger Posting Enables Smaller Office Force to Handle 25% Bigger Business

Motorists who have been in Denver need no introduction to McCollum and Howe, of the Auto Equipment Company.

They have a habit of making themselves known—and that's one reason why they also make money.

Another reason is because they keep track of their business by getting the figure facts that tell the cost of doing business and what the business earns.

Keeping down overhead has become their slogan.

When they moved to a bigger store in a better location and did a 25% bigger business, the increase in bookkeeping looked like a hard nut to crack.

But they are actually handling this increased work with 17% less office help; and *posting direct to the ledger with a Burroughs* did it.

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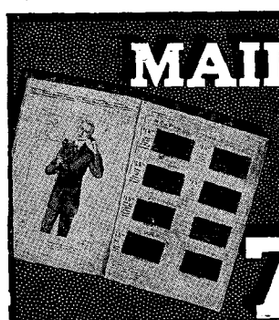

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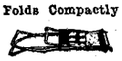

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nurses that it would never do for the honor of the army, etc., etc. Ye gods and little fishes—what it is not to be Anglo-Saxon!

Some of our readers may remember Botrel. Here is more about him:

Yesterday I sent you "*Paris Qui Chante*," which contains a song and picture of Botrel, the Bard of Brittany, who has done such heroic work singing in hospitals and trenches. He is the author of the popular "Rosalie"—patriotic song. To-day, as I was looking over the paper with a patient (imagine having time for that!) I came across this article. So our gallant Botrel is wounded! What a century ago it seems since I used to meet him in the cheery little streets of Pont with his velvet hat set jauntily atilt on his handsome head, whistling one of his airs, and smiling at all those witching young Pontaises whom he made to swear, every year at *Pardon* time, never to abandon their costume! An utterly romantic figure, but without the least touch of the *poseur*. How adorably he sang duets with his wife that day in a sunny glade of the Bois d'Amour; and the night of the *fête* everybody in the village came down to hear their poet sing. He sang, and paced up and down the deck of an old barge stranded there on the flats and known as M. Botrel's *atelier*, where he often worked and talked when he came down from his cottage on the hill; and now one would catch his stalwart figure in silhouette against the warm, round moon, and now a stray firework from across the stream would light it up weirdly, and ever the splendid notes rose and fell as if some inspired corsair were encouraging his crew. . . . . .

Ah me! what a long loop in space I've taken and how far from the present. But no Botrel or anybody else could be so impressive as my No. 18, who sang to me a patriotic verse last night, beating time with his poor, thin hand. It is he who was once the skeleton, and whom everybody gave up; but food and massage and constant vigilance have done their work, and he's saved for his wife and children.

In one of her later letters she gives what she characteristically entitles, "The Story of 'Croya,'" a wounded Arab who was brought to the hospital suffering from seven wounds. It is a strange picture, this slight *raffinée* American girl "mothering" the silent child of the Algerian wastes. There is genuine poetry in her unadorned account of his departure and subsequent attitude toward her. The story has enough pathos and delicacy to be reproduced entire. She says:

They brought him half unconscious with seven suppurating wounds. It was late, the *médecin-de-garde* was lazy, and I did the first examination and dressing unassisted. The next day they overhauled him at the *Salle d'Opération*, decided he was *fichu* (done for), and handed him over to me with instructions to "*le laisser tranquille.*" It is one of the few *pansements* I have had that really frightened me; for it was so long, and every day for a week or more I extracted bits of cloth and *éclats* (splinters) — sometimes at a terrifying depth; besides, my patient was savage and sullen—all that is ominous in the Arab nature coming out. Gradually, however, the

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suppuration ceased, the fever fell (we gave him urotropin), and suddenly, one day, Croya smiled! It was so utterly surprizing and transforming that we all of us rubbed our eyes. From the first I had tried to win his confidence with little gifts and caresses, but I was always repulsed with a kind of grave scorn, not a little distressing and disconcerting when we all thought he was dying. The day after he smiled, he said, "*Merci, maman,*" when I gave him an orange; and when No. 15 asked why he called me that he explained, in his weird French, that I was just like a *maman*. After that it was all simple enough. *Maman* and Croya were perfectly devoted to each other; when Croya got better he used to help to do his own *pansement* by squeezing the rubber tube when the *lavage* flowed too fast; sometimes he'd tease me by stopping it altogether; and when *maman* had a minute she'd go and sit beside Croya and he'd lay his cheek against her arm and teach her Arab words. As he grew better he was crazy to "*jouer de la musique,*" so when Karbiche went to Paris on *permission* he brought back a flute; then Croya would half sit up in bed with his shaved head tipped against his *feuille de température*, and play soft, strange, wild melodies that had all the mysteries of the Algerian plains in them. Every night the last thing I did was to give my child a good-night caress, and slip some edible jest into his hand—a cold orange or a sticky bonbon, or cracker-crumbs that got lost in the bed unless I lit my electric lamp to find them; and we'd stifle our amusement so as not to wake the others. I explained to the *médecin-en-chef* that I had tamed my Arab and pulled him through and I wanted to keep him till he was well enough to go back to Constantine. He said I might, and then that heartless General B. came and sent away everybody, nearly, and Croya had to go. His despair was poignantly touching. Orientals do not weep, but he wouldn't eat, he developed a temperature, all the light left those wide, brown eyes, and he kept repeating all day, "*Je n'y vais pas—Je n'y vais pas.*" You see him in the picture, just a few minutes before starting, with the ticket pinned to his cap on which I had written careful instructions to treat him attentively. I had asked him how much money he had; he answered, "*Riche beaucoup.*" That was all the satisfaction I had till I found his pitiful little purse with just five sous inside. I put ten francs with the rest, mid incoherent protestations from Croya; and may Heaven forgive me, I was extravagant, but I couldn't let my child go out into the world like that. I tucked him in his blankets in the auto and the last I heard was, "*Au revoir, maman,*" in tones I can never forget. He reached Toulouse a week ago and every day since I've had a card written by some comrade and signed, "*L'enfant qui n'oublie pas sa maman.*" One, illustrated, had a rather too passionate couplet. The next day I got one representing a child who says to its mother, "*Petite maman, comme je t'aime!*" and Croya overwhelmed me with excuses. It was a comrade who played a joke "*parce que je ne savais pas lire. Excusez-moi, maman.*" Think of the fineness of that!

Perhaps Croya is the only son I shall ever have, but I thank Heaven for giving me the blessing of saving and loving this poor wild child of the desert.

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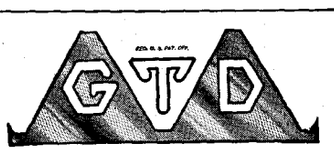

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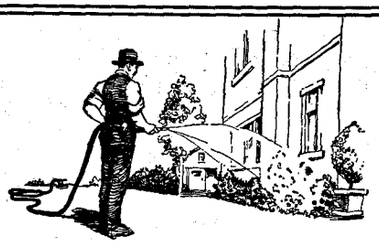

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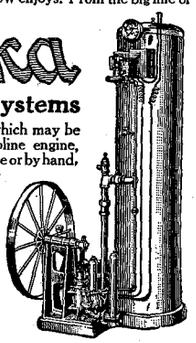

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A NURSE-QUEEN OF A SINLESS ISLE

A FEW years ago the market was deluged with divers tales of beautiful hospital-nurses who fell in love with strange young men, and eloped with them, only to find in Chapter XX that they were Crown Princes of Balkania or Sclavia or Ferrovia in disguise. Some may have suspected that these strange adventures were figments of an Indiana novelist's imagination, but it now appears that this sort of thing can happen. The latest instance shows us how a young woman may go from the prosaic town of Bridgeport, Conn., straight to a far-away town where she will take up the scepter and rule a nation.

The woman is Miss Emily McCoy, daughter of the ruler of Pitcairn Island, which is "somewhere in the Pacific." She is about to leave America, where she has spent four years in a medical school, and go back to succeed her father as queen of the Elysian locality. The New York *World* tells us about her:

She is to return to her people as healer, and eventually Queen of Pitcairn Island, in the South Pacific. This tiny island "kingdom," which belongs to Great Britain, has an area of two square miles and a population of scarcely two hundred souls. It was settled in 1790 by mutineers of the British ship *Bounty*, the story of which event is substantially as told in Byron's poem of "The Island."

Miss McCoy's father has ruled Pitcairn Island for many years. That she will succeed him is practically certain, because of her right and qualifications—also from the fact that women are in the majority there, and all who are seventeen years old may vote.

On the map the place is called Pitcairn Island. But a more appropriate title would be the modern Eden, for here you have the earth's bounties in plenty and the miseries of men are unknown.

You may have fifteen different fruits for the plucking, wild chicken and fish for the taking. And for company you have a community of Seventh-Day Adventists, who do not know the meaning of the word sin!

There are one hundred and ninety-five of these present-day saints, descendants of nine British seamen who, a century and a quarter ago, mutinied on the good ship *Bounty*, set their captain adrift in an open boat, and sailed off for the island, taking the Bible as their spoils.

But, on the way, the nine mutineers paid a visit to a neighboring Tahitian island, where they got them Polynesian wives. That was in 1790. Now, in this year of our Lord 1916, Emily McCoy will be the queen of one hundred and ninety-five subjects.

After you have seen Miss McCoy you will understand how the kingship became practically hereditary in her family. She is tall, broad-shouldered, of a powerful frame that leaves no doubt as to the physical superiority of her forefathers. And after you have listened to her talk for some time you realize what an ideal ruler she is for a community of church-members.

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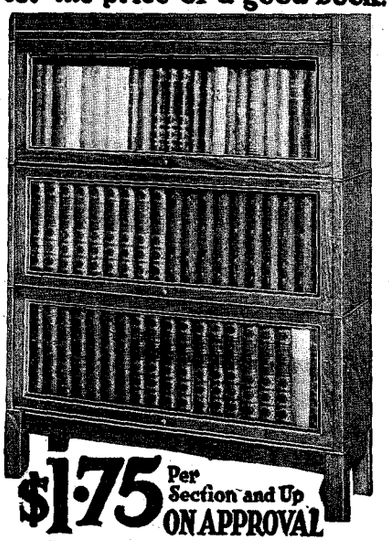

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A greaseless cream—harmless to skin and clothing.

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An Accident is liable to happen to anyone—perhaps your dearest friend. Preparedness—*knowing what to do till the doctor comes*—may save the life of that friend. Get **"Emergency Notes,"** Dr. Butler's book, and *be prepared.* Cloth, 50 cents postpaid, from

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in each town to ride and show a new 1917 model **"RANGER"** bicycle. Write for our *special offer* on a sample to introduce.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and **30 days' trial.** Send for big **free** catalog and particulars of *most marvelous offer* ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our **low prices** and *remarkable terms.*

64 STYLES, sizes and colors in Ranger bicycles. Most complete line in America. Other guaranteed models $11.95, $14.75 and $17.60. A few good second-hand bicycles taken in trade, $3 to $8 to clear.

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MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. G-172, CHICAGO

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society that not even six years' residence in the United States has been able to win her from her rigidly devout ways.

"I went to the theater once," said Miss McCoy, in a solemn tone, "but I didn't enjoy it. I went to the movies once, but they were sensational."

Sensational! There you have it in one word—Sensationalism, the root of all modern miseries. They suspect it, even on Pitcairn Island. They avoid it as tho it were a plague. They have no money there, and no alcohol: two sources of the sins of men. They have no dances there, and no dress parades, to agitate the emotions of its mothers and sisters. To be sure, when you dress in the bark of the tapa-tree there is small room left for rivalry, but Miss McCoy would not admit this.

"Our girls are very innocent," she said in her sepulchral voice; "they would be shocked by the young women of the United States."

It is evident that on Pitcairn Island one would live in a state of primitive innocence—and idleness.

The sole work of the men is to get food for the family—to pick fruit and catch fish or fowl. The women keep house. The girls weave baskets. The children go to the island school. There are not many school-books; the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer are among them, with a few others that Miss McCoy does not remember. Then the whole community unites in its weekly amusement of singing Moody and Sankey hymns to the accompaniment of an early Victorian organ presented by the great Queen Victoria herself.

It is Miss McCoy's intention to take home a piano when she returns this time. There are many reasons to believe that the Victorian organ is slightly antiquated and a little the worse for wear, so perhaps a new upright will be welcome. She would like to take a teacher along too, as the one they have on Pitcairn Island is growing rather too old to hold the wandering attention of even the dutiful younger generation of the community. His teachership came to him by heredity, for just as kingship is the hereditary right of the McCoy family, so is teachership the heritage of the Buffet family, whose ancestor was a learned man. None of the new-fangled pedagogical ideas and fads have crept into their system, for they have taught each generation in turn, and so what one received he passed on to the next in its entirety. Once a niece of Miss McCoy tried to break from the tradition and came to California to study. The climate did not agree with her, so, fortunately for the kingdom's educational system, she had to return to the fold. The schools were saved from the onslaughts of radicalism.

There is just one trace of original sin in this land of the blest—people now and then fall sick. Then there is confusion, for, according to *The World:*

There is none of the six families of settlers who inherits the gifts of healing. Naturally the people are strong, but accidents are unavoidable, even on Pitcairn.

Nine years ago Miss McCoy herself lost

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The Allen Classic—deserving of the name—marks the beginning of a new period in motor car finish. The body, hood and wheels are of a pleasing, yet different "smoke" brown, with fine gold striping and black fenders and radiator. The upholstery is that luxurious Spanish brown, which completes an ultra-special finish that is not only exceptionally attractive, but exceptionally practical.

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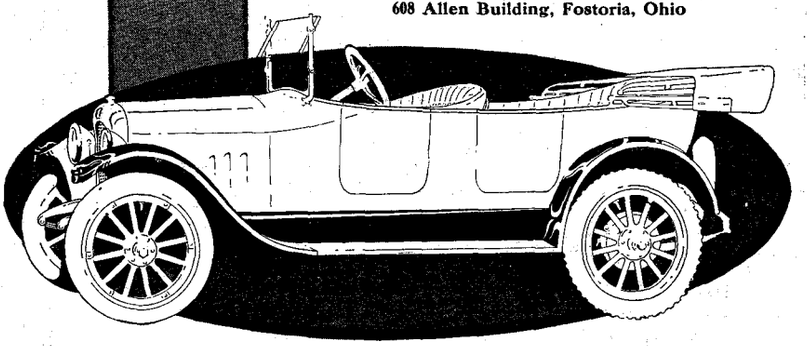

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No binding around the leg; no bulging shirt, for Shir Gar supports socks perfectly and effectually holds shirt down. Made of finest lisle—give months of comfort and service. At most good dealers, 50c—or if yours hasn't, send it to us and we'll send you a pair postpaid.

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ONE MAN. ALL PURPOSE

Parrett Tractors speak for themselves through their performance in the hands of these satisfied users. Read these letters:

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Parrett Tractor Co., Chicago, Ills.

Dear Sirs: The Parrett Tractor did plowing for me on black muck which had overflowed by excessive rains and then dried out till it made it almost impossible for four horses to pull a 13-inch gang.

Besides the tractor pulling three 14-inch plows we connected my 13-inch gang, it pulling the five bottoms right along at a depth of 7 inches with the three bottom and 6 inches with my gang, and I think there was some reserve power.

I think the Parrett is the only tractor to buy for farm use. Respy., WILLIS O. SHORT.

San Benito, Tex.

Parrett Tractor Co., Chicago, Ills.

Dear Sirs: We are so well pleased with the tractor we purchased of you last Fall that we feel like writing you a few lines on its merits.

So far we have plowed red clay, black land and sandy loam. We have plowed and prepared 150 acres of land for truck and corn and have used it for discing and harrowing, and have had no trouble of it packing the soil.

Your tractor has no trouble pulling 4-disc plows cutting 6 inches deep and has no side draft. We used the Parrett for making irrigation ditches, and have had it in the mud up to its axle and it pulled itself out on its own power.

We use it for nearly all kinds of work, often using it in place of a team on account of its convenience. We consider the Parrett Tractor a great success as one man can operate it and it does the work of six to eight mules. Sincerely yours, S. & S. PLANTATION, F. W. Schmidt.

Dumont, Iowa

Parrett Tractor Co., Chicago, Ill. Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find photo taken after we completed a mile haul over concrete crossings and up one 10% grade, with our Parrett Tractor. This wagon train which the Parrett pulled consisted of three wagons loaded with 6830 feet of lumber, the entire train being over 100 feet long and whole weight 19,000 lbs. The snow was falling and underneath that was the remains of Iowa's famous sleet storm and ice a few days before.

We also demonstrated the same load on the following Saturday to the farmers from over Franklin and Butler counties and they are sure enthusiastic over the Parrett and we swear by her. Yours truly, HENRY A. BROWN.

Glen Allen, Miss.

Parrett Tractor Co., Chicago, Ill. Dear Sirs: We are very well satisfied with our Parrett Tractor. We have run it under all conditions and find it is an all around machine. One of our colored plantation hands runs it and it is so easy to handle that it gives him no trouble whatever. We were surprised to find that it did not pack the soil any when pulling the disc and harrow.

It does the work of ten mules and does it very much more satisfactory. We had it taken down and examined and found practically no wear at all and expect to get long service from it. I also want to thank the Parrett Co. for the way they have always treated us in every respect. GLENWOOD PLANTATION, A.H. Halleman, Prop.

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Write today for our new Catalog-folder. It illustrates some of the remarkable tests made at the various National Tractor Demonstrations. Shows how the Parrett is made—why it has proved so popular—how it does anything any other tractor can do and some things no other can do. A postal brings it by return mail.

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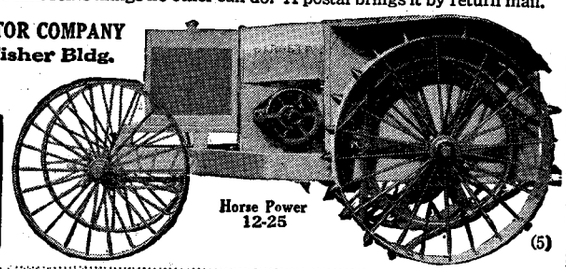

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Horse Power 12-25

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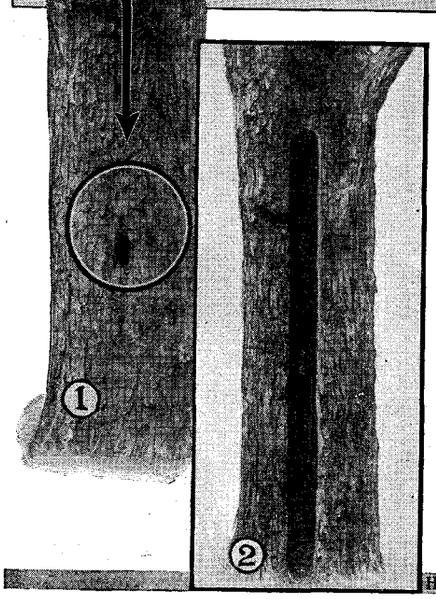
To ignore it means sure tree destruction!



If you were to examine closely the trees on your place, you would probably see on some of them a tiny crevice in the bark. To you perhaps it would look very innocent. To the trained eye of a Davey Tree Surgeon it would mean d-a-n-g-e-r.

The tree in the picture was sound and healthy—apparently—except for a little hole in the bark (photograph No. 1). But note what the Davey expert discovered after a little chiseling (photograph No. 2)—a condition of hidden decay so serious that the tree was but a mere shell, an easy victim for any severe storm! What is the real condition of YOUR trees? Have them examined NOW—by

Davey Tree Surgeons

Tree Surgery as they practice it is scientifically accurate and mechanically perfect. It is SAFE because it eliminates experiment. It endures. W. G. Carrington, Greenwich, Conn., writes: "The work you have done for me is the most wonderful example of tree surgery I have ever seen." Davey experts are the official choice of the U. S. Government. Every year of neglect adds 10% to 25% to the cost of saving trees. Write today for free examination and booklet illustrating Davey Tree Surgery.

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Have your trees examined NOW!

a sister. The girl was young. There seemed no reason why she should not have lived. Miss McCoy's sorrow aroused her to unaccustomed thought. There was no one who could help her solve the problem—until there arrived the British man-of-war.

The arrival of the war-ship is a yearly event on the island. In fact, it seems to be the pivot on which island life turns. Then it is that the inhabitants receive such food, clothing, and culture as they require from modern civilized society. Through its visit Miss McCoy received the information which may revolutionize island life.

She consulted the ship's surgeon about her sister and gave him all the details of her death. He explained that it had been due simply to ignorance. Thenceforth the queen-elect's course was clear. She had a duty to perform for her people—to save them from sickness and death.

Her next problem was how to reach civilization. Few boats touch at Pitcairn. A girl can not leave on a man-of-war. Besides, how live in modern society without money or modern dress?

It took Miss McCoy some time to achieve her purpose, but she was not to be beaten by any obstacles, however formidable.

A mission-boat came to the island, and she persuaded its occupants to take her away. They did so, and she went first to a Samoan island, where she worked for two full years. In that way she earned some money and forthwith came to the United States.

She settled in Bridgeport, Conn., entered the City Hospital as a probationer, and trained there for four years as a nurse. She has graduated, and now she is going home.

So, should you wish to accompany her, now is the time to apply. Boats go rarely to her island kingdom. This may be your only chance.

If you are a man you will be more than welcome. Even on Pitcairn Island there is a surplus of the gentler sex.

Pitcairn Island males, it seems, are venturesome. They go deeper than is necessary into the jungle, and many of them have died of tetanus, caught from lacerations by thorns. But Miss McCoy means to lessen these dangers. She has made a special study of this dread disease.

Pitcairn Island girls, however, are in no such daring mold. Should your sentiments be of the antifeminist persuasion, you will find here your ideal maid. They are modest in mien and manner, home-making, hearth-keeping souls, so ingenuous and obviously unworldly that not even a gay, gallant officer from a British man-of-war would attempt to have a flirtation ashore.

"In the other islands," said Miss McCoy, "the crews on shore-leave make fun of the natives, but never on Pitcairn Island. They visit us to give us the news; but their attitude is always most respectful.

But for all that, these modest maidens possess more than modern privileges. There is no law on Pitcairn which ordains that property shall go from father to son. Consequently the land is divided between boys and girls alike. The queenship of Miss McCoy is evidence that the Salic law finds no supporters.

Should you chance to be a woman there are still inducements for you in the modern Eden. There are, it is understood, two bachelors—unattached, eligible bachelors, quite good-looking, and drest in English

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style. Men, on the island, do not go about garbed in tapa-cloth, as the women do. Their clothes come from the British crews.

But, in case you are a really ambitious man, if your dreams soar high above the common level, then here is the chance of a lifetime. The queen still lacks a consort. Her youthful fiancé died. He, too, was venturesome, and went too far afield. She acknowledges that she has not yet found his successor.

PUTTING IT ON THE SCREEN

LAST night you went to the cinema at the corner to see "Little Dorrit," or "To Have and to Hold," or some other of your favorite novels in moving-picture form. You were filled with anticipation; you wanted to feast your eyes on the little heroine, you yearned for her wistful smile, and the delicate way she had of moving about and swaying the lives of those around her. So you went to see the film. They put it on. But—almost in the words of the immortal Casabianca, "The girl, oh, where was she?" In the maze of scenic effects you lost sight of the heroine completely; you saw all the things that had happened to her mother and her aunt and her neighbors before she came into the story; you saw "cut-ins" of what was happening to her uncle at the very moment when she was first meeting the hero, but ah, what a little of the story itself! That's the movie way.

Of course it isn't always as bad as that, but a writer in *Punch* gives a very amusing example of the invasion of Britain by the great American producing firms. He writes, in the form of a news-item:

The Megalo Motion Company (U. S. A.) has the pleasure to announce the release of its latest triumph, a film version of the well-known nursery rime

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

Stupendous production. Genuine British classic revitalized by American methods, featuring MISS EYLASH BLACK the $10,000 screen star.

Short Synopsis: Mary at home. The old farmstead. Five hundred specially trained Sussex sheep, with genuine shepherds. Mary thinking, "What is my lamb's fleece like?" Fade out, revealing real snow, 2,000 tons of which have been specially imported from Nebraska for the purpose of this unique comparison.

"AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT"—

For the first time these lines have obtained, thanks to American enterprise, their full interpretation. See the world-voyagings of the Heroine. Watch Mary in the gilded salons of Paris and Monte Carlo, in Tibet and the South Seas, always accompanied by her pet.

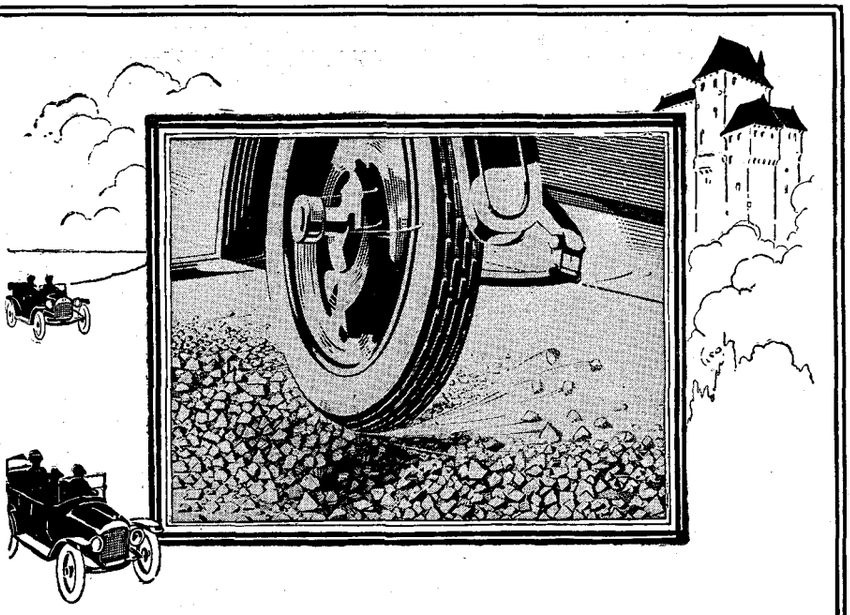
N. B.—That lamb was some goer, but the film is out to beat it.

Five million dollars were spent on this unique picture-drama, but you can see it for 6*d*. upward.

Released shortly. Have your local motion manager order

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB,"

and insist that he gets it.



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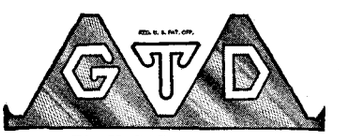

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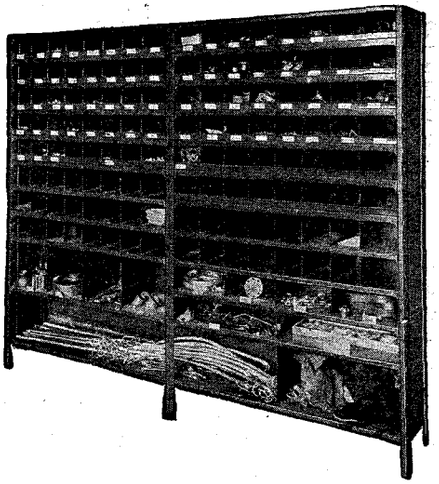
Steel Racks



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WHISKERS AS A POLITICAL ASSET

WHAT have whiskers to do with victory? At first thought, you would say, nothing, except perhaps to tell how the wind blows. For you have visions of Julius Cæsar and Napoleon, who were smooth-faced, and Alexander the Great, who wore no more facial adornment than a narrow hirsute strip in front of the imperial ears. And you think of Washington, who shaved daily. Yet, according to the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, facial adornment in political battles almost inevitably stands for victory. What is denied a whiskered man on the battle-field is given him on the party rostrum. Says *The Post Dispatch*, in a highly rhetorical mood:

The hirsute maxillary process which embellishes the physiognomy of Charles Evans Hughes is being hailed as an oriflamme of victory by those Republicans who have made researches into the weighty branch of science known as the political history of beards. For, according to the records of the fifteen elections previous to the present one, in which Democrats have been pitted against Republicans, the manly decorations of the chin have been overwhelmingly triumphant on the side of the G. O. P. Only three unwhiskered Democrats—Buchanan, Cleveland, and Wilson—have been able to overcome their hairless handicap and make their way to the White House since 1856; and Wilson's victory, from the bearded point of view, was not one to brag of, for he was opposed to antagonists unmanned by the razor—Taft and Roosevelt.

On the other hand, out of eleven Republican victories, seven have been won by exponents of the virile lambrequins, while only three bewhiskered Republicans have been compelled to let the banner of their beards droop in defeat. And of the three, Benjamin Harrison really fought a draw with Grover Cleveland, vanquishing him once and being vanquished by him once.

Candidate Hughes's beard was formerly a belligerent reddish brown, verging toward sandy at the edges. But it is now almost quite gray, and in places it is silver, like the white plume of Navarre. These masculine insignia, burgeoning luxuriously upon the jaw, cheeks, and upper lip of the former Justice, are being acclaimed by his thoughtful followers as a propitious omen, and, more than this, as an inspiring battle-flag, rallying the party with brave hopes for the future and proud memories of the puissance of Republican beards of the past.

It is true that the first Republican candidate, John C. Frémont, was the possessor of a heroic beard, and that he was sent into eclipse by the smooth-shaven countenance of James Buchanan. But this can not altogether be counted a defeat, for Republicanism was then in swaddling-clothes and Frémont's downfall paved the way for the triumph of another Republican devotee of the beard, Abraham Lincoln.

Certain portraits of a smooth-shaven Lincoln are extant, but these are regarded as almost apocryphal by devotees of the whisker. The official portrait of Lincoln in the Presidential gallery at the White House is adorned with a beard. Against this handicap Stephen A. Douglas's closely razored visage and even McClellan's military mustaches could not prevail.

The accession of Andrew Johnson, whose face was reaped by the barber's sickle, could not be considered a point in favor of the beardless, for it was due to an accident. Grant's closely cropped beard was like a meteor of ill-omen for Horatio Seymour, who affronted the chin's masculine prerogative by reducing his beard to a tuft underneath the lower lip, and also for Horace Greeley, whose beard was confined to a semicircular fringe.

Rutherford B. Hayes's flowing beard was a snare in which Samuel J. Tilden, smooth of face, was fatally entangled. James A. Garfield, also the possessor of lush whiskers, was more than a match for the mustaches and imperial of Winfield S. Hancock.

Then came a reverse most sad, when James G. Blaine's proud maxillary banner was lowered before the mustachioed countenance of Grover Cleveland. But revenge came four years later, when Benjamin Harrison's beard prevailed over the harvested face of Cleveland. However, Cleveland defeated Harrison in the next election.

Then came an era of whiskerless statesmen which persisted until the nomination of Hughes. This event is regarded as a return of the beard to its own, for he is the first Presidential candidate boasting the adornment of facial decorations since Harrison was defeated by Cleveland in 1891. In the Republican Convention the Hughes whiskers easily overpowered the smooth faces of Henry Ford and Senator Borah, and the mustaches of Root, Burton, and Roosevelt. And to clinch the G. O. P.'s trust in the beard as a battle-flag, Charles W. Fairbanks, whose chin is a prominent feature of current political life, was chosen as a running-mate for Hughes.

Republicans ask what, in the light of history, can Wilson and Marshall, with his neat mustache, hope to accomplish against the hirsute luxuriance of Hughes and Fairbanks combined. But the Democrats point to the singular fact that the only three Democrats who have attained the White House since the foundation of the Republican party were smooth-shaven men. To this the Republicans retort that the beardless faces of Tilden, Bryan, and Parker availed them nothing; that Bryan has been defeated three times, and that even Cleveland was once overcome.

It is quite proper that the beards of Hughes and Fairbanks should be considered portentous, for that manly adornment has had a long and distinguished history. In the first place, purists insist there is a difference to be drawn between beard and whiskers. Beard is the more haughty and inclusive term—the remnants left upon the cheeks, after the chin has been reaped with the razor, are accurately called whiskers.

The races of mankind able to grow beards have mostly held them in high honor, as the sign of full manhood. Also the beard shrinks from the profane hand; a tug at the beard is sudden pain and dishonor. The Roman Senator sat like a carven thing until the wondering Goth touched his long beard; but then he struck, altho he died for the blow. With the Mohammedan peoples the beard, as worn by an unshaven prophet, has ever been in high renown. But there have been exceptions, based on utility rather than esthetics, when the beard has been sacrificed. Such was the Turkish Sultan who shaved his whiskers, explaining that now his Vizier would have nothing to lead him by.

In the United States, tastes in beards have fluctuated with the fashions. The fathers of the country were shaven men—

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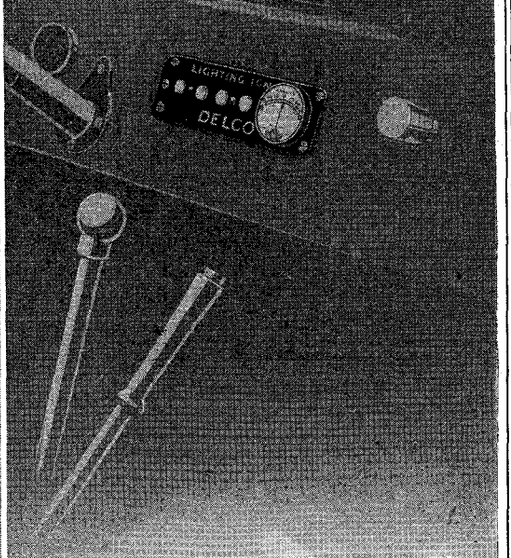
ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION



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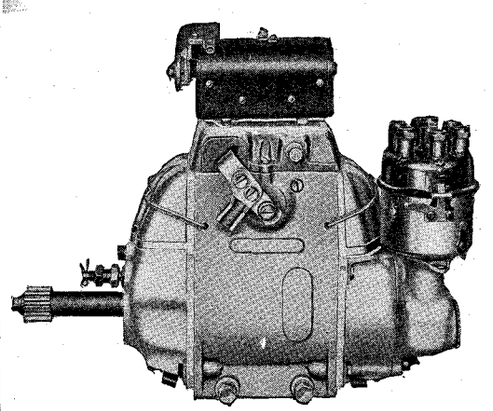

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
Dayton, Ohio

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The wonderful collection of Irises exhibited at San Francisco came from Wyomissing. It included a large number of my own seedlings, as well as the best new European introductions, and was given the highest award—the Panama-Pacific Gold Medal.

During recent years I have found the hybridizing and raising of seedling Irises a very interesting pastime. From the many thousands I have raised I have selected only the varieties which I consider to be the very best. Those who have seen them here and abroad pronounce them very beautiful—a great advance over the older kinds.

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FARR'S HARDY PLANT SPECIALTIES

(edition 1915-1916), a manual of Irises, Peonies, Phloxes, and other hardy garden favorites. A copy will be mailed on request.

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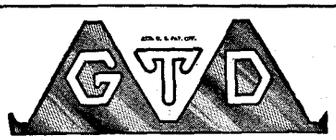

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8vo, Cloth, 344 pages, $1.25; by mail, $1.37

Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Ave., N.Y.

recall the portraits of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, and Monroe. They also wore wigs, and, strange to say, as fashion began to dictate that the artificial hair should be removed from the head, it also permitted the natural hair to grow upon the lips, cheeks, and jaws. The heyday of the beard came in the time of the Civil War—note the whiskers of the great military leaders on both sides—Grant and Lee, Sherman and Jackson, and so on. From 1860 to 1884 the country enjoyed an uninterrupted line of whiskered Presidents, Cleveland having had the distinction of breaking simultaneously the rule of the Republicans and the political ascendency of the beard.

A HUMORIST AND HIS WRIST-WATCH

MARK TWAIN once visited New York in a white duck suit in midwinter, but even he never appeared in Alabama wearing a wrist-watch. That was left for Irvin Cobb, who invaded Belgium when the Germans did. Each disapproved of the other's presence, but the Germans stayed; Cobb came home. Now he shows his mettle by invading Alabama with a horologic bracelet. He didn't land in jail, as in Belgium, but perhaps Alabama was too stunned to think what to do. The matter is not over yet, however. Connecticut has taken notice of it. The South, notes the Hartford *Courant*, much as it loves Cobb and his writings, did not take at all kindly to his wrist-watch. The writer in the Connecticut paper tells us:

Cobb is a native of Kentucky, and his wife was a resident of Savannah, so the South claims both of them. What was more natural than to invite the fat man with the enchanted pen to speak to the old veterans who followed Lee through the war between the States? He went to Birmingham and made the address, impressing the aged soldiers with his greatness both intellectually and physically, just as he did the newspaper men of Hartford a year ago. Everything went well, and his speech was considered as big a success as his "Speaking of Operations," until a reporter of the Birmingham *News* discovered that he had a wrist-watch anchored to his left arm.

It isn't recorded yet whether any other members of the vast audience saw the watch or not, but the reporter did, and he wrote a story about it for his paper. Then the tumult began, and Irvin is in the hottest kind of hot water. One critic remarked that the country has no grudge against Cobb, but henceforth immunity is not guaranteed him. The South would as soon see a lion wearing a corsage bouquet, or a leopard with a vanity-box dangling from his glorious neck as he strutted through his Kongo estate. Dan Patch, calling for mayonnaise dressing on his alfalfa salad, would make no greater commotion in Alabama than Cobb's wearing a wrist-watch.

Everybody with a pen down in Dixie is making some sort of explanation why their own Cobb, Southern-born and Southern-bred, should be caught red-handed in the Beau Brummell class. One friendly sympathizer thinks Irvin may have contracted the habit while in Europe

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SE-MENT-OL
THE ORIGINAL SELF-ACTING RADIATOR CEMENT
SE-MENT-OL is a powder. Pour it into your radiator. It dissolves in the hot water. The cool air congeals it as it passes thru the leak. A cement is formed which effects a permanent repair. Drain and refill radiator and it will be like new. Time, ten minutes.
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An outline of the origin and growth of the language and its literature, with chapters on the influence of the Bible, the value of the dictionary, and the use of the grammar in the study of the English tongue. $1.50, by mail $1.62.

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Gentlemen: Please send me one set of Thackeray's Works, as advertised, for which, if satisfactory, I agree to pay $12.50 in monthly instalments of $1.00, you to return the dollar remitted herewith if I decide not to keep the books. L. D. 8-12-16.

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watching the soldiers in the trenches, for it is explained that British soldiers wear wrist-watches on account of the great convenience of such timepieces. The Indian soldiers, it is further explained, also use wrist-watche , yet they do it on account of the hot weather. But then, it is argued by another set of writers, Cobb isn't a soldier, probably never fired a gun in his life, has always fired ink, and that it is beyond understanding that a man with scarlet-colored Kentucky blood in him, a man who is half as big as Breathitt County, and who eats three good meals a day, should succumb to this sort of fad. They say the wrist-watch does not suit him, that it does not agree with him or his readers, and that either an explanation, an apology, or an assurance that he will abolish the habit is a matter of common justice. Irvin Cobb should not wear anything, they say, in Alabama or New York, that he dassent wear in Kentucky, and that is all that Alabama asks of him.

The worst feature of the affair seems to lie in the fact that a Kentucky judge who happened to be in Birmingham saw the watch on Irvin, and as a result came near leaving the world through the medium of apoplexy. The Kentucky judge's idea of Cobb and of his wrist-watch is reported by a Southern newspaper as follows:

"Irvin, me boy," says the Judge, "whut's gittin' into ye, anyhow? Ye want raised that away. Ye ain't made fur t' tote sech a burden. It ain't in th' blood o' Kaintuckians to kerry on that away. Th' folks here at home want lookin' fur this blow b'low th' belt. Of course I'll try t' keep down any public demonstration against whut ye've done, but ye know I can't allus handle old Vox Pop, an' I heard jest a few minutes ago that he was a-thinkin' o' writin' something about this fur *The Daily Evening News*. Ef I wus you, Irvin, I'd git rid o' that thing kinder quiet like, ef I had t' take somethin' fur it."

From an outsider's view-point, it seems as tho Cobb was in a pretty bad scrape with his Southern friends. Alabama gentlemen can excuse many things, but it seems that wearing a wrist-watch in that State, even for so great a Southerner as Cobb, is not pardonable.

THE "CARDINAL MERCIER" FUND

SINCE report made in THE LITERARY DIGEST for July 8, additional contributions to this Fund have been received to the amount of $404.16, making a total of $7,787.56. Following is the list of additional contributors:

$50.00—Emily Reynolds Gilpin.

$25.00 Each—Philip, Miss., Ladies' Aid Society, M. E. Church; M. S. *Hinton*; *Delia R. Robbins*.

$10.00 Each—Nettie Baird; Miss Elizabeth A. Burton's Sunday School Class; A Friend; Mrs. Edith C. Miller; A Subscriber to THE DIGEST; D. L. Summey; C. L. Taggart; Wm. L. Steele.

$5.00 Each—Geo. L. Griswold; Miss A. Wodehouse; Mrs. Wm. T.; Miss J. Beatty; A Friend; W. G. Shaw; L. A. DeWitt; Josephine Bogart; Anne B. Shine; C. G. Kinney; Wesley Bible Class, M. E. Church; Mrs. G. H. Fonde; F. Fortune; Anonymous.

$3.00 Each—T. A. P.; W. Selwin Miller; Geo. M. Settle.

$2.00 Each—Minnie S. McGaffey; Mrs. Alice C. Brown; J. L. Sipe; Mrs. Samuel Evans; Adrienne Erwin; Ruth V. Pope; Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilkins; Anonymous; Cynthia M. Hawes; Jessie D. Fraser; M. E. Lowden.

$1.00 Each—Cecil W. Watson; G. W. Grigg, Sr.; Blanche Dole; W. B. Hughes; Anonymous; Anonymous; Anonymous; Mrs. B. C. Fay; Martin Frederick Ficke, Jr.

MISCELLANEOUS—$7.00, "C"; $41.66, Grace Church, Nutley; $15.25, Nutley, N. J., Women's Miss'y Soc'y, St. Paul Congr. Church; $7.50, Don M. Burton; $2.25, B. C. Johnson; $11.50, M. M. Mansell; $4.00, Anonymous.

Total	$ 404.16
Previously acknowledged	7,383.40
Grand total to date of August 2nd, inclusive	$7,787.56

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Is There a Basis For the "Illiterate Poor Whites" Idea About the South?

This unwarranted question has been a deterrent factor to many business men of other sections who have contemplated the inauguration of advertising campaigns in the Southern field. It had its inception during and just following the Reconstruction Period, but has had no basis in fact for years.

First let us study the "illiteracy" feature by consulting the following table issued by the U. S. Bureau of the Census, showing "Statistics of Illiteracy Among the Whites in the South and in the United States as a Whole, 1870-1910":

YEAR	THE UNITED STATES	THE SOUTH
1870	11.5 Per ct.	23.4 Per ct.
1880	9.4 "	20.7 "
1890	7.7 "	14.9 "
1900	6.2 "	11.7 "
1910	5.0 "	8.0 "

It will be noted in the above table that white illiteracy in the South shows a decrease for the 40 year period of 15.4 per cent, the U. S. as a whole, 6.5 per cent; which has enabled the South to decrease her excess from 11.9 per cent to only 3 per cent. And Southern educational progress since 1910 has been remarkable—one state has built an average of more than one school house per day, and during the last two years there have been established in one Southern city two universities endowed at almost $1,500,000. With the same rate of decrease holding good since 1910 that was current in the 1900-1910 period, the Southern percentage of white illiteracy obviously exceeds that of the U. S. as a whole by such a small amount as to be scarcely appreciable.

As far as the "poor" portion is concerned, statistics of the U. S. Bureau of the Census for 1912 show that the estimated true value of total wealth, both taxable and exempt, was as follows: **The United States, $187,739,071,090; The South, $37,938,964,488.**

The total wealth of the South is therefore approximately 20 per cent of that of the nation as a whole. On the other hand, the U. S. Census for 1910 shows that the South contains about 23 per cent of the white population of the U. S. ***Therefore the Southern percentage of total wealth is but 3 per cent less than the Southern percentage of total white population***—a remarkable sectional showing in consideration of the enormous amounts of wealth concentrated in certain limited areas of the United States.

The above indisputable facts are positive proof that the commercial bugbear of the "Poor Illiterate Whites" of the South is only a myth that cannot stand the test of facts and figures.

Prepared by the Massengale Advertising Agency, Atlanta, Ga.

The undersigned representative daily newspapers will be glad to furnish information relative to merchandising possibilities of specific commodities in their respective sections of the South.

ALABAMA

Birmingham Age-Herald
Birmingham Ledger
Gadsden Times-News
Mobile Item

FLORIDA

Jacksonville Metropolis
Tampa Times
Tampa Tribune

GEORGIA

Albany Herald
Athens Herald
Atlanta Constitution
Atlanta Georgian-American
Augusta Herald
Macon Telegraph
Waycross Journal-Herald

MISSISSIPPI.

Natchez Democrat

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville Times
Charlotte News
Charlotte Observer
Durham Sun
Greensboro News
Raleigh News and Observer
Raleigh Times
Winston-Salem Sentinel

SOUTH CAROLINA

Anderson Daily Mail
Charleston News and Courier
Charleston Post
Columbia Record
Columbia State
Greenville News
Spartanburg Herald
Spartanburg Journal

TENNESSEE

Bristol Herald-Courier
Chattanooga News

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SPICE OF LIFE

The Real Answer.—"Whom does the baby resemble?"

"Every other baby that I ever saw."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Time's Changes.—"You and your sister are twins, are you not?"

"We were in childhood. Now, however, she is five years younger than I."—*Puck.*

In War-Time.—"Why is it we don't hear any more complaints about defective life-preservers on ships?"

"Nobody has time to put them on."—*Judge.*

As It's Done Now.—"Professor, I want to take up international law. What course of study would you recommend?"

"Constant target practise."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Packing for Vacation.—"Jack?"

"Yes?"

"Can't you bring some fat friend home to dinner? I positively must have some heavyweight to sit on my trunk."—*Life.*

Nowadays.—HER FATHER—"Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

LOVER—"No-o, sir."

HER FATHER—"Then take her, young man. I was afraid you thought you could."—*Puck.*

He Owns Up.—"Simple Simon went afishing in his mother's pail."

"Not so simple at that," declared the amateur sportsman. "I've spent time and money getting to a place where the likelihood of catching fish was no whit greater."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Worst Possible.—JONES (to his grocer)—"You seem angry, Mr. Brown."

BROWN—"I am. The inspector of weights and measures has just been in."

JONES—"Ha, ha! He caught you giving fifteen ounces to the pound, did he?"

BROWN—"Worse than that. He said I'd been giving seventeen."—*Tit-Bits.*

Nature-Faking.—A Long Island teacher was recounting the story of Red Riding Hood. After describing the woods and the wild animals that flourished therein, she added:

"Suddenly Red Riding Hood heard a great noise. She turned about, and what do you suppose she saw standing there, gazing at her and showing all its sharp, white teeth?"

"Teddy Roosevelt!" volunteered one of the boys.—*New York Times.*

Informed.—A famous scientist was present at a dinner at which one of the guests began to deride philosophy. He went on rudely to express the opinion that the word "philosopher" was but another way of spelling "fool."

"What is your opinion, professor?" he asked, smiling. "Is there much distance between them?"

The professor surveyed his *vis-à-vis* keenly for a moment, then, with a polite bow, responded:

"Sometimes only the width of a table."—*Tit-Bits.*

Proficient, Anyway.—"Did the new chauffeur fill the bill?"

"No. But he came near filling the hospital."—*Browning's Magazine.*

He Stuck to the Truth.—SHE—"How did you dare tell father that you have a prospect of $50,000 a year?"

HE—"Why, I have, if I marry you."—*Boston Transcript.*

As It Is To-day.—PENITENTIARY GUARD—"Convict 411 is not in his cell, sir!"

WARDEN—"That's all right! He's still hunting for the ball he lost on the links this afternoon!"—*Life.*

His Way Out.—WIFE—"Do you object to my having $200 a month spending money?"

HUSBAND—"Certainly not, if you can find it anywhere."—*Judge.*

Far Outnumbered.—JASPAR—"Many a wise word is spoken in jest."

JUMPUPPE—"Yes, but they can't compare with the number of foolish ones that are spoken in earnest."—*Life.*

The Best of Reasons.—MRS. PARKER—"Now, young man, why aren't you at the Front?"

YOUNG MAN (milking cow)—"'Cos there ain't any milk that end, missus!"—*Tit-Bits.*

A New Economy.—"He was always trying to save himself trouble."

"And did he succeed?"

"Yes. He has saved up a whole lot more than he can take care of."—*Washington Star.*

Back to Nature.—"Serve the champagne in tin cups, Oscar," directed the owner of the bungalow.

"Very good, sir."

"These hunting parties like to rough it a trifle."—*The Wasp.*

Genuine.—DASHER—"I don't believe the war-films we saw last night were taken at the front."

MRS. DASHER—"Of course they were; didn't you notice the bullet-holes at the end of each reel?"—*Puck.*

Immaterial.—"Scientists are now generally agreed that drunkenness is a disease, and that the man who drinks should be treated by a physician."

"Oh, well, most men who drink don't care who treats them."—*Tit-Bits.*

That Settles It.—The Punkintown Literary Society has decided that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays because some of the language in them is so impolite that Shakespeare would have been too much of a gentleman to use it.—*Washington Star.*

Her Love-Potion.—A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love-powder. The mystery-woman told her:

"Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two, and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side over a red coal-fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it."

The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.—*Tit-Bits.*

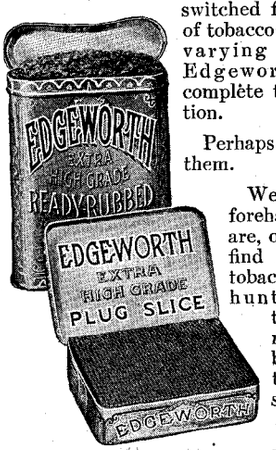
Ever Sit Down for a Chat with Your Pipe?

There is a type of smoker who sits down to a pipeful of tobacco as he would to talk over old times with a friend. A pipe is a comrade to this sort of man, with an individuality of its own, no more to be hindered from expressing its ideas by the interference of business than an acquaintance would be who had dropped in for a half hour's chat.

It is this type of smoker that forms the majority of buyers of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.

Edgeworth appeals largely to the particular smoker, to the man who devotes much time and thought to his tobacco. Among the crowd, the men who smoke with equal satisfaction anything that happens to be at hand, it is comparatively unknown.

Rather, it is to those men who have switched from one brand of tobacco to another with varying success that Edgeworth may bring complete tobacco satisfaction.



Perhaps you are one of them.

We won't claim beforehand that you are, or that you will find Edgeworth the tobacco you have been hunting for. On the contrary, you may like it no better than the tobacco you now smoke.

But to enable you to determine for yourself whether Edgeworth is the tobacco for you, or not, we will send you free of charge a sufficient supply to make the test.

Simply put your name and address, and—if you will—the name of any tobacco dealer you sometimes patronize, on a postcard and mail it to us. We will send you a liberal sample of Edgeworth in both forms: Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Which of the two you will like better, it is impossible for us to say. You will find it entirely a matter of personal choice, as Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are the same tobacco, only in different forms.

Plug Slice is Edgeworth tobacco pressed into a solid plug and then cut with keen blades into neat oblong slices. One of these slices rubbed up between your hands will make a nice pipeful.

The Ready-Rubbed, as its name implies, is already prepared for the pipe. Special machines have done the work that you do yourself if you use the Plug Slice.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c. for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

For the free sample, write to Larus & Brother Co., 5 South 21st St., Richmond, Virginia.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

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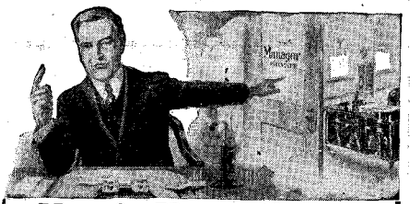

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There are executive and managerial positions paying $35 to $100, and more, a week, which you could fill if you simply had the training which is now available through the LaSalle Course and Service in Higher Business Training. This Course and Service was planned and perfected by business leaders, specialists and educators, to prepare ambitious men for responsible positions paying high salaries. It is what big business men themselves recognize as supplying in the most practical way and in the shortest possible time, the knowledge and training which took them years of experience and research to acquire.

Earn While You Learn

Keep on drawing your present salary while we train you for executive responsibilities. Learn in your spare time at home. Right from the start you can put into practical, every day use in your present employment, the business knowledge and efficiency methods you gain from day to day. This Course helps you solve your immediate problems of today and prepares you for the bigger responsibilities of tomorrow.

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enables you to have solved by experts, any problems affecting your own business or personal efficiency. This service is invaluable to business men, department managers and executives, many of whom have enrolled for the LaSalle Course.

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The money invested in this Course and Service is small and may be paid in convenient monthly payments if desired. The dividends are large—big in practical knowledge gained, increased earning power, development of self-confidence and the opening of your eyes to opportunities you are now missing.

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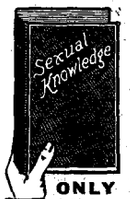

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CURRENT EVENTS

THE EUROPEAN WAR

THE WESTERN FRONT

July 27.—The British forces retake most of Delville Wood, by extreme shell concentration.

July 28.—Longueval passes into British control, along with the rest of Delville Wood, according to London, after what the British call the most terrific battle of the war.

July 30.—A heavy engagement is fought between the Delville Wood and the Somme, resulting in the advance of the British line east of the Waterlot farm and Trones Wood, as well as the capture of 250 more prisoners. At the same time the French attack north of the Somme, move forward, carrying German positions, until they reach the outskirts of Maurepas.

July 31.—The British report a few new gains north of Bazentin-le-Petit, but spend most of their energy on consolidating the ground won the day before. The French find considerable trouble in the Hem Wood, where a number of German counter-attacks are repulsed.

August 2.—The Germans suddenly resume fierce fighting at Verdun, attacking all along the line from Vaux-le-Chapitre to the Chenois Wood, where the French are obliged to retire slightly, according to London.

THE EASTERN FRONT

July 27.—The Russians, battling around Brody, take nearly 7,000 more prisoners. Continuous fighting is in progress along the rivers Boldurovka and Slonevka, near Brody, for the possession of crossings.

July 28.—Petrograd announces that the Russian advance has taken Brody, with 9,000 prisoners and many guns. West of Lutsk the Teutons are reported retreating, the line having been broken. On a fifty-mile front Russia reports consistent gains, bringing the offensive about fifty miles from Lemberg.

A rumor from Lausanne states that a Turkish army of 70,000 men has been concentrated on the plains of Hungary as a defense against the Russian advance. It is also said that the Emperor has gone to Budapest, where great excitement prevails.

July 29.—The Russian War Office avers that the Teuton armies have fallen back, south of the Dniester, toward Stanislau, pursued by the Czar's men. The total number of prisoners taken by the Russians in their advance to date is set by Petrograd at 350,000. Vienna admits retiring between the Turija River and the Brody-Kovel Railway, while Berlin adds the admission that the Russians have driven their enemy back across the Stokhod.

July 30.—London reports that the Russian advancing force strikes the Kovel line again, breaking over trenches and capturing nearly a thousand prisoners. In the regions of Kovel, Brody, Volhynia, and south of the Dniester in Galicia, a general advance is claimed by Petrograd.

July 31.—General Kaledine and his forces obtain full control of the Stokhod River, and the advancing Russians reach the Graberki and Sereth rivers, according to bulletins from the Petrograd War Office.

August 1.—At the point where the Russians crossed the Stokhod, a terrific battle is

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in progress. Berlin admits a slight retirement, as rumors persist that Kovel and Vladimir-Volynsk are being evacuated. From Vienna by way of Copenhagen comes the report that the civilian population is leaving Lemberg.

In Galicia, Petrograd reports driving the Teutons back west of Buczacz in the direction of Halicz, taking one thousand prisoners. Berlin reports the arrival of Turkish troops to aid in the defense of Lemberg.

August 2.—London reports the Russian advance continuing, with a gain of ten miles, in a drive on Kovel.

August 3.—A dispatch from Amsterdam, claiming to come from an official Berlin source, states that all of the German and Austrian armies on the Eastern front have been put under the supreme command of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg.

THE ITALIAN FRONT

July 29.—Rome claims slight advances on Monte Colbriccon, toward Ceraman Valley, and reports the repulse of many attacks.

July 30.—According to Rome, the Italian infantry succeeds in gaining new ground on Tonezza Plateau, north of Monte Cimone, while in the Tofano region they take Forcella Wood, and advance in the Travenanzes Valley.

August 1.—Rome avers that her troops have advanced in the Travignola Valley and taken Panevaggio.

AGAINST THE TURKS

July 26.—Turkish authorities admit the Russian gains, as well as the fall of Erzingan, but minimize the effect upon their own strength. They claim to dominate entirely the sector of Azerbaijan, and to be advancing in southern Persia.

July 30.—In the Caucasus, the Russians report pushing on toward Sivas and Kharput, driving the Turks from a series of strengthened positions.

July 31.—An Arab force dispatched to the Hejaz coast of the Red Sea after the fall of Jidda takes the town and fort of Yembo.

GENERAL

July 27.—London hears that on July 24, General Northey and his forces operating in German East Africa drove the main German force back from Malangali to Irangi, taking a number of prisoners.

Berlin announces a recent descent of airmen upon the British and Russian submarine-base at] Marienham, where a number of bombs were dropt. Altho the air-vessel was shelled, it is said to have returned safely.

July 28.—Capt. Charles Fryatt, recently honored for exploits in the merchantmen's war against submarines, and later captured by German authorities, is shot for attempting to ram a Teuton submarine last spring. The execution produces intense excitement in Great Britain, and the American Ambassador at Berlin is asked to obtain details of the case.

July 29.—Three *Zeppelins* raid the east coast of England, dropping thirty-two bombs in Norfolk, Yorkshire, and Lincolnshire. There are no casualties reported.

A rumor from Paris avers that intermittent cannonading is in progress along the Saloniki front where the Servians are operating against the Bulgars. The losses of the former

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are said to be light, as the Bulgars were taken by surprize.

July 31.—Rumors from Saloniki say that Servian successes against the Bulgars continue, as the Servians entrench only 300 yards from the frontier. The report further states that the plains have been cleared of Bulgars, and the mountain ridges along the frontier occupied.

The widow of Captain Fryatt, executed by the Germans, is awarded a life pension by the British Government, and a resolution is adopted to "seek out the criminals and punish them."

Henry Edward Duke, M.P., a Unionist member from Exeter, is named Chief Secretary of Ireland to succeed Augustine Birrell, who resigned after the recent Irish rebellion.

August 3.—Sir Roger Casement, convicted of high treason in connection with the recent Irish revolt, is hanged in Pentonville Prison, London.

AT THE MEXICAN BORDER

July 28.—President Wilson accepts in modified form the Carranza peace-plan calling for a commission to decide whether the Americans should evacuate Mexico, and to settle the difficulties now pending between the two countries.

July 31.—A small band of Mexican raiders crosses the frontier near Fort Hancock and encounters a detachment of Massachusetts infantry. During the skirmish which ensues, five raiders are killed, and the raiders driven back across the border, where Carranzista troops take up the pursuit.

FOREIGN

GENERAL

July 31.—The International Socialist Conference convenes at The Hague, with six countries represented. Swiss, Roumanian, Norwegian, and Luxemburg delegates fail to attend.

DOMESTIC

WASHINGTON

July 27.—It is announced that the blacklist note of protest is on its way to the British Government. The protest is understood to be particularly severe in tone, implying bad faith and insincerity on the part of Great Britain, with hints at retaliation if arrangement by diplomatic means can not be made.

The Senate passes the largest army appropriation bill ever offered. The amount carried is approximately $313,970,447, and the bill passes without a roll-call.

July 29.—By a vote of 46 to 19 the Senate adopts the resolution that the President send an expression of hope to the British Government for clemency towards the Irish political prisoners. The subsidiary plea for Sir Roger Casement is voted down.

July 31.—A Republican attempt to make the proposed Immigration Bill a rider for the Child-Labor Bill, is checkmated by the Democrats in the Senate by the passage of a resolution, 35 to 17, to postpone the Immigration Bill until the next session.

GENERAL

July 29.—The American Federal Court decides the proceedings for the possession of the captured steamer *Appam* in favor of the British, and against the German prize crew that brought her to Norfolk.

July 30.—Five million dollars' worth of

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July 31.—Charles E. Hughes, Republican candidate for President, is notified officially of his selection. In his acceptance speech he scores the Wilson Administration, without, it is widely believed, offering constructive alternatives for the measures disapproved.

August 1.—In reply to a question from Utah, Charles E. Hughes goes on record as favoring the Susan B. Anthony amendment to the National Constitution authorizing woman suffrage. His unqualified stand is taken by many to insure the Republican party the support of all the suffrage States in the coming election.

The super-submarine *Deutschland,* after a prolonged stay at Baltimore, leaves for its return trip.

Eben D. Jordan, noted merchant and patron of music and arts in Boston, dies at his summer home in Manchester, Mass., of a paralytic stroke.

August 2.—The threatened general street-railways strike in New York brings an increase in wages to workers on the subway and elevated lines, but the organization of the general walk-out continues.

Well Trained.—A Scottish farmer of a miserly disposition bought a horse at a fair. On the way home he thought a drink of water would refresh it, so he got a pail of water; but the animal would not take it. When he got home, he offered it a feed of corn; but, to his surprize, it would not touch that, either.

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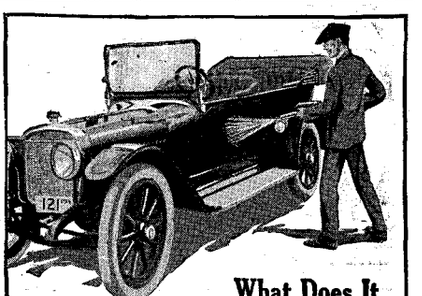

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

SALES IN THIS COUNTRY OF THE NEW RUSSIAN BONDS

A. W. FERRIN, the editor of *Moody's Magazine*, says, in the July number of that periodical, that the new Russian loan of $50,000,000 was "the big feature of June in the New York money market." Since Mr. Ferrin's article was written, *The Wall Street Journal* has said that a demand for these bonds in this country "is coming from all parts of the country." Owing to the depreciation of exchange on Russia, the yield on the bonds will be 13 per cent. on the money Americans now invest in them. When the war ends, the exchange on Russia is expected to recover rapidly. The bonds are a 5½ per cent. loan and fall due in 1926. Bankers predict that the demand for them will increase as long as Russian exchange remains where it is and that, by the end of the war, a considerable portion of the bonds will be owned in this country. The return of 13 per cent. per annum on the money invested is conditioned, however, on the buyer holding the bonds until they mature in 1926, when Russian exchange shall have completely recovered from its present abnormal depreciation, "as it is most likely to do." The writer says in detail:

"A holder of a 1,000-ruble bond, purchased now, would receive about $515 when he cashed it at maturity. The value of a ruble to-day is at a discount of approximately 40 per cent.; that is, selling at 30½ cents, against a parity of 51½ cents. There are two quotations for the bonds in New York, the one including, and the other excluding, the insurance cost in forwarding the bonds to this country. The insurance cost is rather high, being $5 for 1,000 rubles, and on that account some of the bond-houses have made arrangements with responsible banks in Russia to hold the bonds until after the termination of the war. These houses are selling the bonds at about $297 per 1,000 rubles, while those houses which have the bonds forwarded to this country are charging $302 per one thousand rubles. Figuring the principal of the bond at $515 per one thousand rubles, the present price of $298 and accrued interest is equal to a price of 60 per cent.; and if ruble exchange goes back to normal the bonds would yield the holder 13 per cent. per annum for the ten years of their life.

"Interest on the bonds as well as the principal is payable in Russia. Should an American holder desire to cash the coupons in this country as they come due, he would lose approximately 40 per cent. of the amount, owing to the discount of ruble exchange in New York. In any event the total loss on this account would not lower the yield of the bonds by more than a fraction of 1 per cent. That ruble exchange will not be slow in recovering upon the return of peace is the prevailing belief in international banking circles."

Other details of an issue having "many unusual features" are contained in Mr. Ferrin's article:

"The loan takes the form of a balancing of credits, $50,000,000 in New York banks against which Russia can draw in payment for munitions and supplies purchased in the United States, and 150,000,000 rubles in Russian banks which can be turned into five-year Russian Government bonds at any time within three years. On the $50,000,000 Russia will pay 6½ per cent. interest for three years, or until conversion into bonds. The bonds, if issued, will bear 5½ per cent. interest. In any event, America will get its $50,000,000 loan back with interest at 6½ per cent. for the time it has run, and has a remarkable chance to make big profits from a rise in the exchange value of the Russian ruble.

"Normally a ruble is worth a bit over fifty-one cents in American money. The $50,000,000 credit is arranged on the present abnormally low rate of three rubles to a dollar. Should Russian exchange rise to normal during the life of the loan, the 150,000,000 rubles now placed to the credit of the American bankers in Petrograd would be worth $76,500,000, a clean profit of $26,500,000. This profit the American syndicate will have to share with the Russian Government half and half, but even half of $26,500,000 is a pretty good profit on an investment of $50,000,000 which has already been paying 6½ per cent. a year. And in the event of the conversion of the credit into Russian Government bonds there will be another considerable profit for the American syndicate, which will get the bonds at 90¼ plus 1 per cent., the syndicate managers' commission, and will turn them over to a selling syndicate at a price several points higher.

"Altogether the syndicate profit may be over $15,000,000 in three years, which, added to the 6½ per cent. per annum the loan regularly carries, would make a total yield of 50 per cent., or 16 per cent. a year.

"The high rate of interest on the $50,000,000 loan, the low exchange value of the ruble, and the discount on the bonds into which the loan is convertible might lead the superficial to believe that Russia is poor. The fact is that Russia is at the moment in the position of a bank with vast and unquestionable, but non-liquid, assets. What she wants now is clearing-house certificates, and they come high. Give her time, restore normal relations with the rest of the world, and she can liquidate not only the present loan, but the entire war-debt of $10,000,000,000, out of her undeveloped resources and scarcely know she has paid it.

"Russia is probably the richest country in the world. Her territory covers one-sixth of the surface of the globe and her population of nearly 200,000,000, growing at the rate of 12 per cent. a year, is exceeded only by that of China and India. Her great expanse of land, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the north pole to the heart of Asia Minor, contains everything necessary to man in unlimited quantities. To say that Russia in 1913 grew 935,000,000 bushels of wheat, a fourth more than the United States, and 1,308,100,000 bushels of potatoes, four times as many as the United States, is but to point the finger to Russia's agricultural future.

"In 1913 also Russia produced 40,000,000 tons of coal, 61,000,000 barrels of oil, 75,000,000 pounds of copper. She owns over one billion acres of standing timber. To go on with such statistics would be useless. They can all be summed up in the statement that Russia's wealth is practically inexhaustible. No conceivable military disaster during the remainder of the war can take more than an infinitesimal part of Russia's *ante-bellum* territory away from her; and it is not impossible that the end of the war will find her in permanent possession of the Austrian

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crown land of Bukowina, part of Galicia, Armenia, and even Constantinople."

THE "DEUTSCHLAND" AND THE DYESTUFF INDUSTRY

Just what influence a successful line of submarines of the type of the *Deutschland*, plying regularly between this country and Germany, might have on the dyestuffs industry is set forth in *Financial America*, as a result of inquiries made of a "consulting engineer identified with a new American dye-manufacturing concern." This authority, whose name is not given, is presented as possest of "wide technical knowledge and experience in naval and general marine affairs." He is quoted as follows:

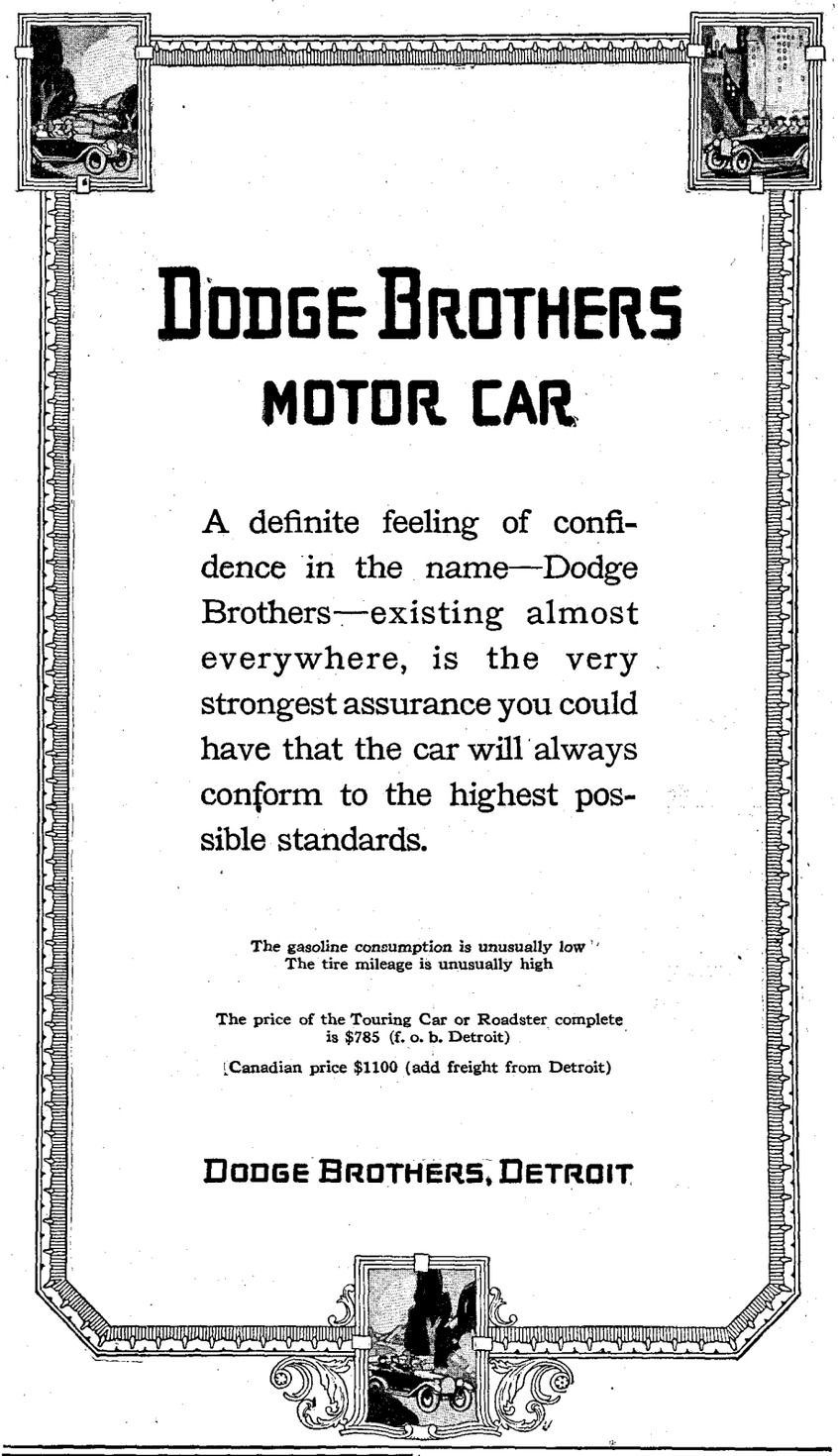
"A most liberal estimate of the total freight-carrying capacity of the submarine *Deutschland* would be 100 tons per trip, despite the previously reported capacity of from 500 to 700 tons. Conservative allowance for loading, unloading, and retirement for repairs and readjustment of the delicate mechanism of a craft of this type, would make six round trips per year a fair record for service. Taking for granted that the full tonnage capacity were to be devoted to dyestuffs, the yearly shipments would aggregate 600 tons. Considering that the yearly demands of American concerns for dyes amount to 30,000 tons, it would be necessary to have fifty of the undersea boats in commission and entirely devoted to this traffic in order fully to supply this market.

"The enormous cost of transportation via this route would render competition with our products, even at the prevailing inflated prices, entirely out of the question. The only chance for foreign shippers to realize on cargoes of this nature would be in supplying those dyes which are indispensable to the trade and which are not obtainable, in this country, from any other than that source. Of these, there are several which we have not as yet attempted to make. Should the war continue for another year, even these will be supplied by American manufacturers, who, as I have already intimated, have no cause for uneasiness on the score of submarine deliveries.

"Capt. Paul König is reported to have stated that the value of the *Deutschland's* cargo is such that he is assured the returns thereon will provide for the entire amount invested in this initial venture. In that case, I am sure it comprises but a small percentage of dyestuff, and, however large the amount may be, you may rest assured that the product embraces none of what is being made in this country. Great progress is being made here in the manufacture as well as in the development and expansion of plant space and equipment. An important phase of the situation is that the value of new plants and equipment exceeds, by a wide margin, the amount of actual capital invested in this industry. These additions and improvements are being financed out of the earnings of the plants now in operation. A representative of this firm is now in Europe, and negotiations are under way there that promise to be of the utmost importance, in their consummation, to the dyestuff industry in America."

OUR UNEXAMPLED SHIP-BUILDING ACTIVITIES

That ship-builders in the United States have taken the lead in construction of merchant-ships is made clear by a report recently issued by the Department of Commerce in Washington, an outline of it having been prepared for *The Journal of Commerce*, from which it appears that we are now constructing more such vessels than any other country in the world. Indeed, our output in the present year is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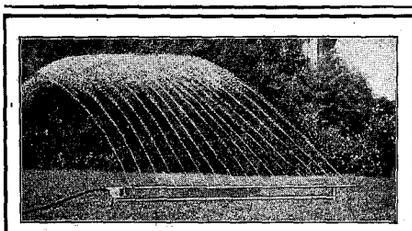

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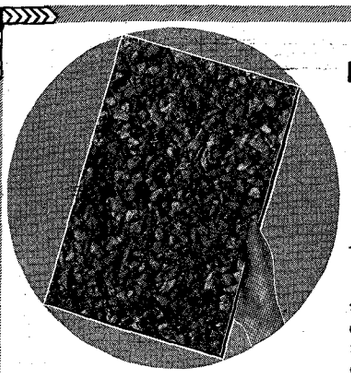

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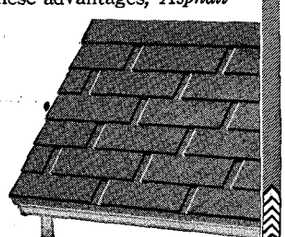

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expected to exceed that of all the world combined. This record we are making for the first time in a half-century. One great reason for our new leadership is the fact that British yards are engaged almos exclusively on war-ships. Following are interesting paragraphs from the report:

"The world's output of merchant-shipping during the calendar year 1913 was the largest recorded, and under normal conditions probably would not have been fully maintained for two or three years following. The returns, below, for 1914, closed with the end of July so far as Germany and Austria are concerned as those countries have issued no shipping reports since the outbreak of the war. The following table gives the gross tonnage of merchant-vessels of 100 gross tons or over launched in the world during the calendar years 1912 to 1915, inclusive:

	1912		1913	
Where Built	*No.*	*Tons*	*No.*	*Tons*
United Kingdom	712	1,738,514	688	1,932,153
British Colonies	84	34,790	91	48,339
Austria-Hungary	12	38,821	17	61,757
Denmark	22	26,103	31	40,932
France	80	110,734	89	176,095
Germany	165	375,317	162	465,226
Italy	27	25,196	38	50,356
Japan	168	57,755	152	64,664
Netherlands	112	99,439	95	104,296
Norway	89	50,255	74	50,637
Sweden	22	13,968	25	18,524
United States—				
Coast	144	194,273	182	228,232
Great Lakes	30	89,950	23	48,216
Other countries	52	46,654	33	43,455
Total	1,719	2,901,769	1,750	3,332,882

	1914		1915	
Where Built	*No.*	*Tons*	*No.*	*Tons*
United Kingdom	656	1,683,553	327	650,919
British Colonies	80	47,534	31	22,014
Austria-Hungary	11	*34 335	†	†
Denmark	25	32,815	23	45,198
France	33	114,052	6	25,402
Germany	89	*387,192	†	†
Italy	47	42,981	30	22,132
Japan	32	85,861	26	49,408
Netherlands	130	118,153	120	113,075
Norway	61	54,204	59	62,070
Sweden	26	15,163	27	20,319
United States—				
Coast	84	162,937	76	157,167
Great Lakes	10	37,825	8	20,293
Other countries	35	*36,148	10	*13,641
Total	1,319	*2,852,753	743	*1,201,638

*Returns not complete. †Returns not available.

"The first five months of the war did not seriously affect the world's launching of merchant-ships, outside of Belgium, France, and Germany, altho deliveries late in 1914 began to be slow in British yards. In 1914 the United States launched only 200,762 gross tons, compared with 276,448 gross tons in 1913, but the decrease was not a result of the war. The world's total in 1914, even with the Central Powers excluded for five months, was only 480,000 tons less than the world's maximum in 1913, and was above the recent average annual output.

"The belligerent Powers, which in 1913 launched 2,798,580 gross tons of merchant-ships, launched only 769,875 gross tons in 1915. The neutral Powers, outside of the United States, in 1913 launched 257,844 gross tons, and in 1915 launched 254,303 gross tons. Local causes led to a further reduction in the American output from 276,448 tons in 1913 to 177,460 tons in 1915. The total decline in the world's ship-building for 1914 and 1915, both compared with 1913, was 1,438 ships of 2,611,373 gross tons. To these totals should now be added the decreased output in shipyards for the first six months of 1916, which the Bureau of Navigation states would bring the total, since the outbreak of the war in August, 1914, up to 3,500,000 gross tons, notwithstanding the present activity of American, Japanese, and Dutch yards. The loss to international commerce through the decline in ship-building thus has been greater than the loss through the actual destruction of shipping, altho the latter has fixt the world's attention because of

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ubmarine-attacks on passenger-steam-
s. Reports compiled by the New York
nal of Commerce (July 5, 1916) show
1,346 ships of 2,713,996 gross tons were
royed from the outbreak of the war to
30, 1916.

"Late in 1915 and early in 1916 belief
t the European War would last three
ears led to an exceptional development of
up-building by the maritime Powers
ot actively engaged in war. In the first
months of 1916 the United States
ched and put into operation 192 ships
28,016 gross tons (each over 1,000 tons)
ore than the entire year's output for
14 or 1915. On July 1, 1916, private
nerican shipyards were building or had
order 385 steel merchant-ships of 1,225,-
gross tons. The builders' returns
icate that of this tonnage 159 ships of
,090 gross tons will be launched before
ember 31, 1916, thus indicating a total
ut by the United States, for the
elve months, of 351 steel ships of 672,106
oss tons.

"Since the outbreak of the war Germany
as printed no returns, but is supposed to
engaged in building submarines and
other naval construction, repair, and
unitions work. In December, 1913, the
rmanischer Lloyd report showed 499
rchant-vessels of 906,851 gross tons,
luding river-boats, canal-boats, lighters,
., were building in German yards, of
hich, up to July 30, 1914, eighty-nine, of
87,192 gross tons, had been launched, so
hat in August, 1914, about 410 vessels,
520,000 gross tons, were building or
dered in German yards. Cabled state-
ents to the United States in July, 1916,
m Hamburg-American and North Ger-
Lloyd authorities, indicate that such
rchant work as Germany has done since
he outbreak of the war has been, with
w exceptions, on the ships ordered late
1913 and early in 1914."

From Holland, however, has come a tatement, credited to Herr Ballin, general anager of the Hamburg-American line, that Germany is "building a tremendous leet, including the largest ship in the world." This "largest ship" is the *Bismarck*, of 56,000 tons, and will be added to he Hamburg-American line. Another big ship under construction for this line is the *Tirpitz*, of 32,000 tons. Three other ships of 22,000 tons each are under way or the same line, while at the Vulcan ards in Bremen nine ships are building,

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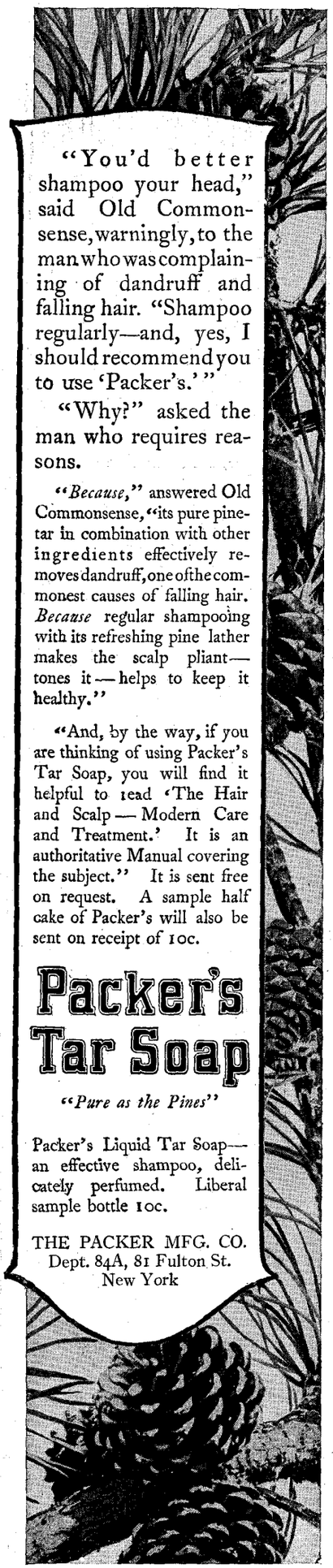

"You'd better shampoo your head," said Old Commonsense, warningly, to the man who was complaining of dandruff and falling hair. "Shampoo regularly—and, yes, I should recommend you to use 'Packer's.'"

"Why?" asked the man who requires reasons.

"*Because*," answered Old Commonsense, "its pure pine-tar in combination with other ingredients effectively removes dandruff, one of the commonest causes of falling hair. *Because* regular shampooing with its refreshing pine lather makes the scalp pliant—tones it—helps to keep it healthy."

"And, by the way, if you are thinking of using Packer's Tar Soap, you will find it helpful to read 'The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment.' It is an authoritative Manual covering the subject." It is sent free on request. A sample half cake of Packer's will also be sent on receipt of 10c.

Packer's Tar Soap

"Pure as the Pines"

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap—an effective shampoo, delicately perfumed. Liberal sample bottle 10c.

THE PACKER MFG. CO.
Dept. 84A, 81 Fulton St.
New York

four of them with a carrying capacity of 18,000 tons. Herr Ballin said three liners were under way at the Flensburg yard, and that two cargo-ships of 17,000 tons each were being constructed at the Tecklenburg yards especially for the Panama Canal trade. The North German Lloyd, meanwhile, is building at Danzig two liners of 35,000 tons, the *Columbus* and the *Hindenburg*. These are to be fast boats, and are expected to cut down the time between Europe and New York. The same company is building twelve other ships of 12,000 tons each, and the *München* and *Zeppelin*, of 16,000 tons each; while the Bremen-Africa line is constructing six steamers, the Hansa line eight, and the Cosmos line ten, ranging from 9,000 to 13,000 tons.

RECOVERY IN REAL ESTATE UNDER WAY

That the real-estate market has begun to recover from a state of stagnation lasting through some years is reported from good quarters, and chiefly from real-estate interests themselves. The subject has been so much discust so far that *The Wall Street Journal* has printed two articles setting forth how steady has become the progress to better things. Among others, these articles contain the following paragraphs:

"The swing of confidence and of the tide in building operations is unmistakable in New York. Plans already show approximately $75,000,000 of projected construction. While some of this is tentative to the degree that even sites of large projects have not been definitely settled, yet there is little likelihood of plans falling through in these cases. Among the large plans for near realization are the set of huge hotels including the $10,000,000 twenty-six-story Hoggson Brothers hostelry, the twenty-six-story $6,000,000 hotel on Lexington Avenue, the twenty-story $5,000,000 Pennsylvania Railroad hotel, the thirteen-story $2,500,000 New York Central Railroad apartment-hotel, the W. W. Astor fifteen-story $2,000,000 hotel on Fifth Avenue, and the twenty-five-story $1,500,000 Hotel McAlpin addition. St. Bartholomew's Church will build a new $1,000,000 edifice on Park Avenue, and St. Vincent Ferrer another church for $650,000. Barnard College will have a $600,000 building. Bellevue Hospital will add an $800,000 structure to its plant, and other hospitals will also increase their space. The Phipps Estate will spend one million dollars at Forty-fifth Street, and the Berkeley Arcade Corporation will build a seventeen-story office-building at a cost of $750,000. The city, besides administrative buildings in the city, will expend a million and a half dollars on the East River islands.

"Nothing in the down-town district is of more importance than the reconstruction by the Kennedy Estate of its five holdings at Maiden Lane, South and Fletcher Streets. Century-old buildings are to be replaced by a six-story loft-and-store structure. This means the first large improvement in South Street for a number of years, and is answer to the demand for office-building space. Money is once more going, after many years, into the shipping district of old. This would seem to presage favorable developments there for the future, perhaps in connection with the development of the ship-building expansion before the United States.

"The effect of lowered prices in building materials is reflected in the renewed disposition to continue plans for the erection of large buildings. There have been considerable recessions in the cost of iron, steel, and the metals. Ease in the money-market has also had influence in turning the attention of investors to the opportunities of the realty situation. Low interest-rates in business lines have helped to turn money into real estate where the promise is for steady returns at fair prices for long periods.

"On the other hand, wages are still rising, and this lends pause to construction. There is also some waiting for possible further lowering of prices in cost of materials. Difference in initial costs of construction is seen particularly in the case of iron and steel. Decline of fair proportions would mean reduction of $250,000 in the case of a $1,000,000 structure. The argument of those who prefer delay in the completion of their plans is that it is far cheaper to wait for decline in prices than to continue construction. Interest-charges upon the cost of the land and upon the moneys involved will, in a year, amount to much less than the enhanced cost of materials at high prices which obtain in many necessaries of construction. In spite of all these checks, May was a banner month for building and surpassed all other months in real-estate records. In New York alone increase was 12.8 per cent. for permits for construction. All this is apart from the continuation of suburban work, which shows no indication of lessening in Westchester, New Jersey, and on Long Island."

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"J. A. L.," St. Louis, Mo.—"Kindly explain and illustrate by example the difference between the use of *parentheses* and *dashes* for setting off a part of a sentence."

Dr. Vizetelly in his "Preparation of Manuscripts for the Printer" says: "(1) The *parentheses* are used to separate an explanatory or qualifying clause, or a sentence inserted in another sentence which is grammatically complete without it. *Examples:*

> The wallflower, on each rifted rock,
> From liberal blossoms shall breathe down
> (Gold blossoms frecked with iron-brown)
> Its fragrance.

The columbine is a herbaceous plant of the crowfoot family (*Ranunculaceæ*), with the leaflets shaped like those of the meadow-rue. (2) They are used also in connection with the titles of books: (a) to separate the place and date of publication from the text, thus preserving the continuity of same; (b) to enclose references or figures denoting numerical sections or other divisions; (c) to enclose notes of interrogation inserted to express doubt of the correctness of the statement made. *Example:*

"Mrs. Massingbird published 'Sickness, Its Trials and Blessings,' (London, 1868)." He describes the uses of the *dash* as follows: "The *dash* is used to mark (1) a change of thought or construction, or (2) an emphatic or unexpected pause. *Examples:*

"(1) He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?

"(2) He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?

"(3) What say ye? Speak now—now or never."

"H. S. G.," Tacoma, Wash.—"Please discuss the sentence 'Presently, I pray God, very soon the war will be over.' Is it correct, always, or under special circumstances? Is it forceful? Is it too much transposed or involved? Can you, without too much trouble, give quotations from some of our classics which show a similar abruptness of phrasing, etc.?"

The sentence you quote is perfectly good English, and while it would have considerable force in the pulpit, or the lecture-platform, or in certain classes of correspondence, the arrangement is not much used in literature, unless by such writers as Thomas Carlyle, who was very fond of just such construction.

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